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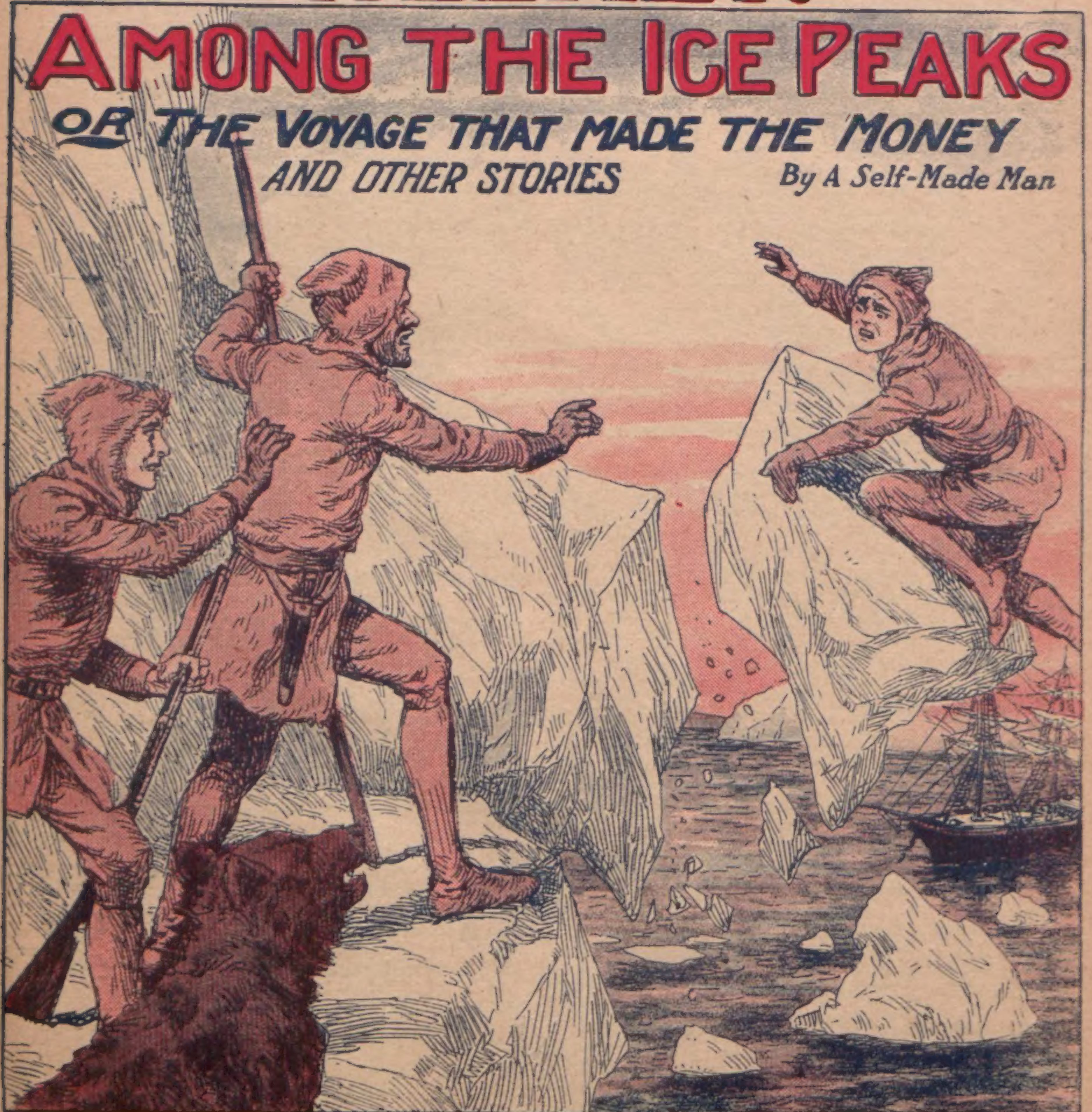
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# FAME <sup>AND</sup> FORTUNE

## STORIES OF BOYS WEEKLY. WHO MAKE MONEY.

### AMONG THE ICE PEAKS

*OR THE VOYAGE THAT MADE THE MONEY*  
*AND OTHER STORIES* By A Self-Made Man



A splitting sound came from under the boy's feet. The next instant that part of the peak he stood on, broke off and he found himself falling toward the sea, clinging to the ice block. His friends shouted with dismay.







Latest News from the Radio World on pages 24-25

## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 930

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1923

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# AMONG THE ICE PEAKS

OR, THE VOYAGE THAT MADE THE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.—Taken Off An Iceberg.

"Gee! It's cold up in these latitudes," said Nat Vickers to his two companions, Hal Holland and Joe Marsh, who stood on either side of him at the bulwark of the New Bedford whaler, Dan Tucker.

"Bet your life it is," nodded Joe. "I hardly dare talk for fear my breath will freeze."

"No danger of that, Joe," laughed Hal. "It's warm enough to make a hole in the air."

"I don't see any hole," grinned Joe.

"Wait till we get nearer the pole and then maybe you'll see lots of them."

"Say, how far north are we, anyway?" asked Joe.

"Close to the 65th parallel. We've just entered Denmark Strait."

"I thought we were still in the Atlantic."

"No; we entered the strait two hours ago."

"How do you know? You were never here before."

"I heard the mate report the fact to Captain Waldron a while ago."

"But I thought the Atlantic was our fishing ground?"

"So it is, but the captain has his reasons for going further north."

"That's a mighty big iceberg," said Nat, pointing. "The biggest we've seen so far."

"It's a corker for fair," said Joe. "I'd hate to have it topple over on this vessel. That would be the end of the cruise."

"I see something moving on the side of it," said Nat.

"Probably a polar bear," said Hal.

"No, it isn't a polar bear. Those animals move on all fours. This object seems to be moving upright. Do you think it's a man?"

"Hardly. Unless his vessel is on the other side of the berg."

"Rather a dangerous place to moor a craft, I should say."

"Oh, I don't know. The water is too cold up here for the base of the berg to meet to any great extent, so there isn't much danger of it losing its balance and going over."

"Say, Hal, you stand well with the skipper and

the mate. Go and borrow a glass and let us see what is moving on that berg," said Nat.

Hal had no objection. The captain was in the cabin, talking with his daughter Jessie, whom he had, at her earnest solicitation, brought with him on this trip among the ice peaks, but the mate was walking up and down the roof of the poop, or top of the cabin. Hal went to him and said:

"Mr. Flint, may I borrow your glass? There's something moving around on yonder iceberg that Nat, Joe and I should like to get a closer look at. It doesn't appear to be an animal, as well as we can make out with the naked eye."

"Whereabouts?" asked the mate, stopping in his walk.

Hal pointed and the mate put the glass to his eye and focussed the animated object.

"By George! It's a man!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise.

"Is it really a man?" cried Hal.

"Take a squint and see for yourself."

"He can't be a castaway on that cold spot, can he?" said Hal. "I should think he'd freeze to death in no time."

"Well, I don't see any vessel about," replied the mate. "I must tell the captain."

"There may be a vessel hidden by the berg," said Hal.

"Not unlikely; but I think it is our duty to find out, for the fellow might have gone afloat on that white mass."

"Ever heard of such a case?" asked Hal, as the mate moved away.

"Oh, yes. More than one."

While the mate was away, Hal, forgetful of the curiosity of his two friends, stood and looked at the lone figure on the berg.

"Hey, Hal, fetch the glass," sang out Joe.

Hal didn't hear him, for he saw that the figure was doing something. Apparently he was waving something in the air—signaling, perhaps, for help.

"I guess the man is a castaway, after all," thought Hal.

"Just then the captain and the mate came on the poop together.

"He's signaling to us, Captain Waldron," said Hal.



The skipper took the glass and looked. At that juncture another person was added to the group in the person of the captain's daughter. She went close to Hal, who was a particular favorite with her.

"Is there really a man on that iceberg?" she asked the boy.

"Yes, Miss Jessie, and he's making signals to us. That shows he's afloat on the berg and wants to be taken off," replied Hal.

"Poor fellow. We'll rescue him, of course," he said.

Captain Waldron ordered the brig to be headed for the iceberg and the helmsman followed his directions, while the watch on deck pulled the yards around a bit to meet the new course. The iceberg on which the man was marooned was not the only one in sight. Bergs of all sizes surrounded the brig, making careful steering necessary. All along the border of Denmark Strait were to be seen wide fields of ice that extended out for some distance from the main shore. Beyond, on either side, the coast of Greenland on the one hand, and Iceland on the other, stretched away in two great white plains as far as the eye could reach—cold, cheerless and inhospitable. The only sounds that broke the silence of that frigid zone were the creaking of the stiff ropes in the blocks and the conversation of those on board the brig. The vessel had sailed to the North Atlantic to gather a cargo of whale oil. The *Dan Tucker*, though great care and expense had been bestowed upon her, was not a handsome-looking craft. She was dirty and oily-looking from stem to stern, and her sails were dark from the smoke of the trying-out kettles, which stood amidships, near the mainmast. She was a stout craft, though, for a whaler, in order to withstand the shock of the ice, is strengthened inside, both at the stem and stern, by stout timbers placed in various directions and fastened securely together; while on the outside she was in parts covered with a double and even a treble planking, besides other thick pieces, which served to ward off the blows from the parts most likely to receive them. But all this strengthening, which the art and ingenuity of man has devised, is of little avail against the mighty power of the ice, if the vessel should unhappily be caught between two converging flocs. The *Dan Tucker's* mast were lower than in a common sailing vessel, and her sails were smaller, and cut in different shapes, the courses, or lower sails, decreasing downward, so as to be worked with slight strength. This was a matter of some importance, as when all the boats were away together in chase of whales, three or four men alone remained on board to take care of the brig. The cruise had been fairly successful, for the crew had worked with a will, as all were anxious to get through and return to warmer latitudes. During the last two weeks the captain had been working the vessel farther north than the fishing around where they had done so well. The result was that only two whales had been chased and captured during that time, and many of the men were beginning to grumble at what they considered a foolish change of base. The sixtieth parallel was as far north as the men cared to go, anyway. Every degree higher meant about 75 miles farther from home. Already the captain had worked the vessel 400 miles north of the reg-

ular cruising ground, and the crew surmised that he had some other object in view than the completion of his cargo. The grumbling increased, for the men maintained that they had shipped to catch whales where whales were most numerous, and not to hunt for the North Pole, though they did not suppose for a moment that the skipper had any such end in view. At the moment the brig was approaching the iceberg on which a man could now be easily seen with the naked eye, the watch below were holding an exciting argument over the course of the brig. The poor fellow, whoever he was, continued to wave a blanket occasionally, though he could not help seeing that he had been noticed, and his rescue assured. At length Captain Waldron ordered the brig to be hove to and a boat lowered and manned to be sent to the berg. The second mate, a surly and unpleasant man, was ordered to go in her. He picked the boat's crew, and among others Hal Holland was called upon to get in, the boy obeying against his grain, for there was no love lost between him and the second officer.

"Push off," shouted the second mate, whose name was Mark Noakes, and the bowman shoved the boat clear of the brig.

In another moment the crew of six were pulling in a steady way for the berg. The marooned one came down close to the water so as to be ready to step in when the boat came up. Only the mate, who was steering, could see him, and note his looks as they drew near. That he was an ordinary foremast hand one could see with half an eye. Only his hairy face, which was as brown as a berry, was exposed, the rest of his body being well protected from the freezing atmosphere, in the customary habiliments of the forecabin in frigid latitudes. The boat slid up alongside of the floe around the base of the berg, and the bowman caught a grip in the ice with his boat-hook.

"Step aboard, my man," said the mate, in his surly way, and the stranger lost no time in accepting the invitation.

He took the spare seat near the officer, with his powerful back toward the men, and the mate gave the word to start back for the brig.

"Well, how came you on that berg?" asked Noakes, with a keen look at the man. "Got carried away from your ship, I suppose, by accident. Here, take a drink of this. You must need it," and he handed the chap a flask of brandy.

The stranger accepted the flask, uncorked it, smelt of it and then put it to his lips. Half the contents of the flask gurgled down his throat before he took it from his lips. Then he smacked his mouth together, drew his hairy sleeve across it, and spoke for the first time, in a hoarse tone, so deep that it seemed to come all the way up from his capacious boots.

"That there is prime stuff, sir, and it goes right to the spot. I ain't seen nothin' like it since me and the old hooker, with all on board, parted company nigh on six months ago, and she went plumb to the bottom like a corpse with a fifty-pound shot attached to its legs."

"What!" exclaimed the mate, loud enough for all hands to hear. "Do you mean to say you've been six months on that berg? That's a——"

"I ain't been nowhere else that I know of," interrupted the stranger, with a solemn wink, as



though he were taking his Bible oath to the statement.

"Look here, my man, you can't palm off any forecastle yarns on me," said Noakes, with a frown. "Six months, indeed! Six days would have been a long time."

"You haven't such a thing as a chaw o' ter-backer in your clothes, have you?" asked the stranger, with another solemn wink. "I ain't had a chew since yesterday mornin', and my mouth feels strange without somethin' in it."

"No, I haven't," growled the mate. "You shall have some tobacco when we get you aboard."

"What might be the name of your hooker? I see she's a whalin' brig," asked the rescued man.

"The Dan Tucker."

"And what might you be doin' so far north? I ain't seen no whales durin' the six months I was on the berg."

"What's your name, and the vessel you slipped your moorings from?" asked Noakes, disregarding the man's question.

"My name?" replied the stranger, with a solemn wink. "I'll allow I have one. The last time I writ it was on the ship's articles, and they are at the bottom of this here Basin, with a dozen or more of my shipmates to keep 'em company along with the skipper and the rest of the officers, while I've been sailin' up and down this blamed place for six whole——"

"I asked you your name?" roared Noakes.

"Just so; I heard you. You don't need to use no speakin' trumpet in this here latitude. I heard that old hooker of yours comin' afore she hove in sight, two hours or more ago. I said to myself, 'Here's a——' "

The mate uttered a coarse imprecation and glared at the stranger. The chap favored him with another solemn wink.

"My name is William Blaine, but I'm usually called Bill, which I like better."

"And the name of your vessel?"

"The Oliver Hobbs, John Dobbs, master; Ed'ard Lobbs, first mate, and Thomas Nobbs, second officer. The carpenter's name was——"

Mark Noakes looked hot under the collar.

"Where did your craft hail from?" he said.

"Sag Harbor, Long Island."

"How came she to be lost? Nipped by the ice?"

The stranger shook his head with another solemn wink.

"It's too long a story to tell on an empty stomach."

The mate smiled grimly.

"What have you lived on since you've been marooned on the berg?"

"I'll allow that a six months' diet of seal, fish and sich is rather tiresome, and makes a chap long for a bite of salt horse for a change," and the stranger gave another solemn wink.

"My man, I advise you not to try to work that six months' yarn on the skipper when you get aboard, for he won't sand for it," growled Noakes.

The only answer the stranger gave was another one of his peculiar winks, and then the boat ran alongside of the brig, and the marooned sailor was presently on the deck of the Dan Tucker, looking around with the air of a man perfectly at home.

## CHAPTER II.—A Narrow Shave.

At the railing, running across the break of the poop, stood Captain Waldron, his daughter, and chief mate Flint, looking down at the rescued man, who seemed in no wise done up by his experience on the iceberg. The natural inference was that he had not been there long, in spite of his assertion that he had been sailing up and down Denmark Strait, a pretty considerable body of water in its way, for six whole months living on "seal, fish and sich."

"Come, my man, step forward to the poop. The cap'n is waiting to question you. See that you give him no nonsense," said the second mate, taking him by the arm and leading him aft.

Noakes walked him up one of the side ladders and brought him before the captain, the chief mate, and Miss Waldron. Bill Blaine seemed not in the least abashed, and winked solemnly at the trio, saying not a word, but waiting to be questioned.

"What's your name, my man; your ship and how came you on the iceberg?" asked Captain Waldron, in a bluff but friendly tone.

"Name, Bill Blaine; ship, the Oliver Hobbs; Dobbs, master. How I came on the berg ain't to be told in a minute, and I'd like to have some grub first, if it's all the same to you," replied the rescued sailor.

"You shall have a meal at once. It is close on to the time when the men take their dinner. Hal," to the hero of the story, "take Blaine forward and tell the cook to serve him with as much as he can eat," said Captain Waldron.

"I suppose you're hungry?" said Hal, leading the man away.

"Well, my hearty, if you'd been livin' six months on seal, fish and sich you'd feel hungry, too, for a square meal," replied Blaine.

"So you claim to have been on that berg six months?" said Hal, looking at him pretty hard.

"Every minute of it, and I'll allow it warn't no cinch."

"And you had nothing but raw food all that time?"

"Wrong, my hearty; I cooked my victuals."

"Cooked them?" cried the astonished lad.

"How?"

"With a fire, of course."

"How did you make a fire? Where did you get wood?"

"I'll allow there warn't no trees growin' on that berg, though I've seen stranger things in my time. I made the fire of driftwood, and I lit it with a burnin' glass."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hal, dubiously. "How did you manage when the sun wasn't out?"

"Easy enough. I cooked enough at a time to last me several days."

"How did you catch the seals and the fish?"

"When the berg turned over and carried the ship to the top of it, which was the beginnin' of the trouble, it carried quite a supply of fish up with it in a sort of hollow pool, where they swam around and kept quite fresh while I was on it. As for the seal, they came from the mainland on cakes of ice occasionally, and I lay for 'em and finished 'em afore they knew what was goin' to



happen," replied the rescued one, with a solemn wink.

"Well, of all the liars," thought Hal, "this chap certainly takes the cake."

They had reached the galley by this time and Hal gave directions to the cook, a burly negro named Pete, to provide the marooned man with a liberal supply of grub. Leaving him there Hal rejoined his two friends.

"Say, Hal, who is the chap, and how came he on the berg?" asked Nat.

"A sailor by the name of Bill Blaine, who claims to be the sole survivor of a lost vessel called the Oliver Hobbs, of Sag Harbor, Long Island."

"How long was he on the berg?" asked Joe.

"How long do you think?"

"Not very long, from his looks—maybe two or three days."

"He says six months," replied Hal.

"Six months! Get out. How could he live six months on an iceberg?"

"He lived pretty well, according to his own account, except that his diet was limited to cooked seal and fish."

"How did he cook it?"

Hal explained.

"That's pretty good," said Nat. "How did he keep from freezing? Have a fire all the time? I should think he would have melted the berg all away in six months."

"How could he keep a fire going on a solid cake of ice?" interjected Joe. "As the ice melted the water would put it out, wouldn't it?"

"Don't ask me such conundrums. I don't believe a word of the fellow's tale. It's too improbable. He said the beginning of his trouble was when the iceberg turned over and carried the vessel to the top of it. What do you think of that for a good, healthy lie?"

"Gee! He's a beaut. Why didn't you ask him to point out the ship? If the berg carried it up when it turned over it would be up there now, in plain view."

"He told the mate in the boat that the ship went down with all hands but himself," said Hal.

"If she went down she couldn't have gone up. A good liar always tries to stick to one story, otherwise he soon queers himself," said Nat.

"He's a good liar, all right," said Hal, "but not a consistent one."

"Well, you know what sailors are when they spin a yarn," said Joe. "Everything goes with them."

"He probably is the survivor of some vessel that was recently smashed in the ice—maybe between two bergs," said Hal. "I don't see why he doesn't tell a straight story. Lying won't gain him any sympathy."

"Now that he's aboard the captain will make him useful," said Joe. "He's a strong, hearty-looking chap, and looks able to pull an oar with the smartest man on the brig. I'd just as soon he'd take my place in the second mate's boat as not. I don't cotton to Mr. Noakes for sour apples."

"I'm glad that I'm in the first mate's watch," said Nat. "He's a decent kind of officer. He can run things without indulging in a lot of profanity. If it wasn't for the presence of Miss Waldron aboard, I'm thinking the second mate would break out oftener than he does."

"He's bad enough, particularly at night," said Hal. "He makes a dead set at me more than half the time. I don't know why, for I don't make any breaks. He seems to have soured on me. Several times I thought he was going to down me with a belaving pin; but I guess he knows better than to do it."

"He is aware that Captain Waldron wouldn't stand for it," said Nat.

"Say, have you any idea why we are sailing so far north?" asked Joe.

"No, I have not. I asked Miss Jennie, but all she would say was that her father had something in view."

"Well, the crew are growling like Sam Hill over it."

"I know they are, and I dare say they are looking for the brig to come about and steer south at any moment," said Hal.

"I'd like to know how much further north we're going," said Joe. "I can feel it growing colder every minute."

"You only imagine so; but it certainly is much colder up here than on our regular cruising ground."

"I hope the skipper isn't thinking of stealing a march on the North Pole," grinned Nat.

"No fear of that," said Hal. "It's my opinion that we won't go much further than this strait, though I haven't the least idea as to the captain's plans."

They were now summoned to the mid-day meal. The stranger, Bill Blaine, having filled up to his heart's content, had withdrawn to the starboard bulkhead, and was leaning over it, with a big quid in his mouth, chewing away with evident enjoyment. The crew, not yet having made his acquaintance, eyed him curiously, for his remarks in the boat, overheard by the rowers, had been circulated around, and the impression which prevailed was that he was either a little off his base, or had lied deliberately, when he asserted that he had been six months on the berg. Naturally the men talked about this unexpected addition to their numbers, and they wondered what sort of chap he really was. They also talked in no cheerful vein of the continued northward course of the brig, the object of which they could not understand, for the captain had apparently ceased to look out for whales, which were clearly scarce where they were. The icebergs seemed to be growing thicker, and so many of them were a menace to the vessel. About the time the men finished their dinner the lookout in the crow's nest, which important contrivance was at the top of the maintopgallant-masthead, and was a sort of sentry-box or deep tub, formed of laths and canvas, with a seat in it, and a movable screen, working on an iron rod, so that it could instantly be brought around on the weather side, reported two mighty icebergs in the brig's course, not more than half a mile apart. Owing to the wind and the current the brig would be obliged to pass between the two bergs, as it was not possible to clear either to port or starboard. There was not much likelihood of the bergs toppling over on the brig, but as the pair of giants were setting toward each other, the peril lay in the vessel being caught between their bases and crushed into splinters. The captain came on the deck and examined the bergs through his glass. The entire



crew, with the exception of the three boys, gathered on the top of the half-deck or forecastle, and fixed their attention on the situation. Every one was more or less nervous, and the comments on the captain for carrying them so far north would have made his ears burn if there was any truth in the old superstition. Hal walked over beside Bill Blaine, and his friends accompanied him.

"You ought to be familiar with icebergs," said Hal to the strange sailor. "What do you think of our chances of passing between those two fellows?"

Blaine squirted a stream of nicotine overboard and then favored the three boys with a solemn wink.

"I dunno, but I'll say this, the Oliver Hobbs was in several wuss scrapes than this and pulled through. If she hadn't anchored to that there berg I came off she'd been sailin' on the top of the water this minute instead of lying a hundred fathoms below."

"How came she to anchor to it?" asked Joe.

"It was this way," replied the sailor, with another wink. "We had a professor aboard who was after specimens."

"Specimens of what?"

"Anythin' out of the common, sich as snow-drops, which he put in bottles full of spirits; spelldiffers——"

"What in thunder are spelldiffers?" asked Hal, looking hard at Blaine.

"Spelldiffers are a kind of fish without eyes found on bergs," replied the sailor with a wink. "You dig a hole on the shady side of a wall of ice and sprinkle some fine terbacker around the edge, and if there are any spelldiffers there they come out after a chaw, and then you can catch 'em."

The boys gave a gasp.

"Well, one mornin' we sighted the berg you took me off of, and the professor said to the skipper that he wanted to land on it to look for a spelldiffer, or somethin' else out of the ordinary," continued Blaine. "Instead of sending the professor in a boat the cap'n steered 'longside the berg and made fast with a couple of kedge anchors and cables. The fluke of the kedge was stuck into a hole made on purpose to hold it, and there we floated along with the berg, as if it was a big steam-tug."

The sailor stopped to spit overboard.

"The professor went ashore and was soon busy lookin' for spelldiffers, and I was carryin' the auger and a paper of fine terbacker. We didn't have much success, and I was gettin' tired of the job of follerin' him around and borin' holes that amounted to nothin', for nary a spelldiffer showed his nose. I considered it a waste of good terbacker, though I'll allow I was curious to see what kind of thing a spelldiffer was."

Blaine paused again to expectorate.

"Then you never saw a spelldiffer?" grinned Joe.

The sailor winked his eye solemnly at the boy.

"No, but I've seen more curious things than that in knockin' around the world," he said.

Joe punched Nat in the ribs, and the latter chuckled broadly. The castaway looked at him suspiciously for a moment and then went on.

"Suddenly I noticed that the berg had tilted to the loo-ard," he said. "I called the professor's

attention to the fact and said we'd better go back to the vessel, for there was no tellin' what might happen. The professor guessed I was right, and back he went. We found the base of the berg had lifted a little, but not much. Nobody aboard had noticed it at any rate. The professor thought it was a shame to stop huntin' for a specimen, so he told me to bore a hole in the flat ice about fifty foot from the ship, for he had an idea that he might find a spelldiffer there instead of in the icy walls. I bored the hole, but the auger wouldn't come out like it done before. I gripped the handle tight and was about to pull with all my might, when——"

The boys were so deeply interested in the derelict's yarn that they forgot to notice that the brig had entered the narrow passage between the two icebergs. Suddenly a fearful cracking sound shattered the Arctic silence. It was like a volley of musketry from a regiment at close quarters. The iceberg to the starboard parted in the middle, part was from the top, and the debris crumbled and fell into the water with a rush and a roar, like a landslide. A small waterspout rose in the air, spread out, and when it fell in a heavy shower, every soul on board the brig was soaked. The whaler rose, as if propelled by some secret machinery, rolled almost to the top of her port bulwark, and then righted after a tilt to starboard. By the time order was restored from the confusion that took place the brig had passed the two bergs in safety.

### CHAPTER III.—Whale Catching.

"Gee!" exclaimed Joe. "What an escape!"

"That's right," admitted Hal and Nat in a breath, as the three started for the galley to dry their clothes by the heat within. Pete, the cook, got doused as well as the rest, for he had been out on deck looking at the two icebergs. He preceded the boys into his domain, and when Bill Blaine followed, the little house was full, and the rest of the crew couldn't find room there, so they hurried into the forecastle. That left nobody on deck but the second mate and the helmsman, and they shivered from the chill occasioned by their damp garments.

"That's the time we nearly got it in the neck," said Joe.

"That ain't nothin' to what I was goin' to tell you, my hearties, when I was interrupted by that there little incident," said the derelict, solemnly, winking at the colored cook.

"Go on with your yarn," said Hal. "You had just bored a hole in the ice and couldn't get the auger out."

"I gripped the handle with both hands and was about to give a tremendous pull when somethin' happened," said the sailor.

"What happened?" asked Nat.

"A loud, crackin' noise, as if the innards of the berg was givin' way," said Blaine. "The hull thing shivered, like it had a fit of ague, and then——"

He broke off, stepped outside and went to the lee rail to spit.

"I'm thinking this is going to be a long-winded yarn," chuckled Hal.



"Do you know why he stopped and went outside?" asked Joe.

"To squirt a mouthful of tobacco juice over the rail," said Nat.

"Yes; but the real reason was because he was stuck and he wanted time to think up what he should say next," replied Joe, sagely. "He's the biggest liar I ever met."

"As I was sayin'" said Blaine, when he returned, "the berg shivered from stem to stern, and from keel to truck, and then somethin' happened."

"I suppose it did," said Hal, winking at Nat.

"It began to turn slowly over to loo'ard. I gave a yell, and me and the professor started for the ship. The skipper ordered the cables cut to save the vessel. But that didn't do no good," said the sailor, shaking his head dolefully.

"Was the berg toppling over on top of her?" asked Joe.

"No; it was droppin' away from her; but you see in goin' close to the berg the ship had sailed over a part of it that was under water out of sight, and so, when that part begun to rise, it carried the vessel up with it into the air."

"Holy smoke!" gasped Joe. "What a——"

Then he stopped, for the sailor fixed him with his eye, and his eye looked kind of bad.

"The professor caught a rope and was hauled aboard, but I slipped, and afore I could get up the ice had such a slant that I slid right back plum against the auger, where I hung on for dear life."

"You were lucky," grinned Hal.

"I was, shipmate, though I didn't think so at the time."

"Go on; you'll have to give this story to the newspaper reporters when we get back to New Bedford," said Hal.

"Is that where you hail from?"

"It is."

"We rose about a hundred feet in ther air, the ship restin' with her stern p'intin' to the sky, when——"

"Something happened," broke in the irrepressible Joe.

"It did. Somethin' that took my breath away."

"You're taking our breath away," muttered Joe.

"The great slab of ice ag'in which the ship's nose rested suddenly gave way and the hooker started to slide down the incline, like a big sled. It didn't take more'n a moment or two for her to reach the water, and she went under, like a railroad train disappearin' into a tunnel, and that was the last of her, while I was left high in the air, clingin' to the end of the auger."

"So that's how you came to get on the berg where we found you?" said Hal.

"That's how," nodded the sailor, walking outside to spit again.

"Say," whispered Nat to Hal, "I wonder what his object is in telling that fierce yarn?"

"I couldn't tell you," replied Hal.

"It's my opinion he's tryin' to cover up the truth," said Nat. "Maybe he committed a murder and was marooned on that berg. He looks bad enough to be capable of most anything."

Bill Blaine did not return, and when Hal looked for him he saw that he had been summoned to the poop to tell his story to the captain

"I wonder if he'll dare tell Captain Waldron the same yarn he sprung on us," said Joe.

"He'd better tell the truth if he knows when he's well off," said Nat.

The boys, feeling dry enough, left the galley. Looking around the strait they saw, to their great satisfaction, that most of the icebergs in sight had passed to the south, and that they had plenty of clear water ahead. The sky was clear and bright, the sun scarcely disappearing at all, for it was the season of continuous day. The brig's course had been altered and she was heading shoreward. The lookout had reported an Esquimaux village, built under the shelter of what appeared to be a hill, and for some reason the captain had decided to communicate with the natives. Suddenly the man in the crow's nest announced a whale close at hand. This occasioned some excitement, and there was a rush on the part of the crew for the port bulwark. A few minutes later two others were sighted and the excitement increased. The first and second mates' boats were launched and manned with their usual crews. Nat was attached to Flint's boat, Joe to Noakes', while Hal belonged to the captain's boat, which did not get off until the others had gone some distance. Bill Blaine and four of the crew remained on board to handle the vessel, which was in charge of the brig's carpenter, who was a capable seaman. The first whale sighted had disappeared, and the mates' boats went after the other two, which were at some distance. The first whale, a big fellow, came up in a different place, and the captain started for him. The crew pulled a long, steady stroke, for all were well drilled in the business, and the boat rapidly approached the leviathan. The harpener stood in the bow with his instrument ready for action.

"Gently—no noise," warned the skipper as they drew near the whale. "Rest on your oars. Now—sharp!"

This was the signal for the harpener to act, and he did it with promptitude, skill and vigor. Raising his arm, he darted the sharp, barbed weapon straight at the whale. The harpoon hit its mark and was deeply imbedded in the flesh. At once the wounded creature struck the sea furiously with his tail and plunged. The whale soon rose and darted away. The cord was rapidly uncoiled from the tub in which it was carried and Hal, with a bucket in his hand, poured water on it as it ran out to prevent the friction setting the line on fire. At length the mighty monster of the deep began to show signs of weakness, spouting water and blood as it churned up the water around it.

"Haul in and roll up," said the captain, taking advantage of the whale's condition.

This was promptly done until once more they were so near that the harpooner prepared to give their victim the finishing touch with the lance. As the weapon hit the whale it darted at the boat, and with one stroke of its mighty tail upset it and sent everybody into the water. Then it darted off, dragging the wretched boat behind, leaving the captain and his crew floundering in the sea. Luckily, the first mate's boat was near at hand, and dashing to the scene, the swimmers were soon picked up. Flint had lost the whale he went after, and so there was nothing for him to do but return to the brig with the skipper and



his men. The second mate's boat was more than a mile away, and her crew had apparently made a capture. The captain asked the lookout if the whale which had got away from and put his boat out of business was in sight.

"Dead, lying on its side, off yonder," replied the man in the crow's nest.

The vessel was worked down to the carcass, and it was taken possession of. An hour later the second mate's boat, with a small whale in tow, and the brig, came together. The prize was carefully secured on the other side of the vessel. The brig's crew were then piped to their belated supper. After that the watch below turned in. The other watch brought the vessel to within a short distance of the ice barrier, which extended out from the shore proper. It was now nine p. m., but as bright as day, the sun being plainly in sight, low down on the horizon. Work was over till the morrow, when a fire would be lighted under each of the trying-out kettles, and the whales would be cut up, one at a time, and their blubber reduced to oil. The men were in better humor this evening than they had been for a week back. The two captured whales would almost complete their cargo of oil, and they figured that the skipper would have no further excuse for working to the north.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Tidings of An Abandoned Vessel.

Next morning all hands set about the big job in hand. First, the harpooners, with spikes of iron secured to their feet to prevent them from slipping off the back of the large whale, which was tackled first, got to work with blubber-knives and other instruments. The fat is a casing on the outside of the whale, so that it can be easily got at. With their blubber-knives the men cut it into oblong pieces, and with their spikes they lifted it from the flesh and bones. To the end first lifted a strap and tackle was fastened, and the men on deck hauled it on board. The work had hardly got well under way when the captain came on deck and ordered the small boat to be lowered. The three boys were told to get into her, and the skipper followed. He directed his young rowers to pull for the shore. The Esquimaux village was a small and unimportant hamlet of circular huts on the coast of Iceland. It had some commerce, however, for it was a place of rendezvous for the natives to sell their seal skins and other merchandise. A number of Equimaux, with sleds drawn by dogs, were out at the edge of the ice watching the brig, and they saw the approaching boat. Leaving Nat and Joe in charge of the boat, Captain Waldron and Hal were driven to the residence of the governor, who lived in the best habitation in the village, though that wasn't saying much for it.

He was a native, but spoke very fair English. The captain introduced himself as the master of the American whaler, Dan Tucker, from New Bedford, and the governor said he was glad to see him. He informed Captain Waldron that the name of the village was Upernavik, and that he was very proud to be the boss of the place.

He further said that an English clergyman lived there and conducted a school. The captain then mentioned the object of his visit, which was to learn, if possible, something about a missing whaling bark called the John Brown, which belonged to the firm that owned the Dan Tucker. This vessel had left New Bedford for the North Atlantic two years before, and nothing had been heard from her. The owners feared the vessel had been lost in the ice, but hoped such was not the case, for her captain was a very capable man.

Under the impression that she might have taken refuge in some bay or inlet, and there remained locked up, as it were, the owners had instructed Captain Waldron to prosecute a search for her. In the event that he found no trace of her he was to try and learn whether she was lost or abandoned, and, in that case, what had become of the officers and crew. Thus, in listening to Captain Waldron's interview with the governor, Hal began to understand why the brig had been sailed so far north. The captain had learned that the John Brown was spoken by another whaler in Denmark Strait toward the end of the preceding summer, and he hoped by going there himself to secure some tidings either of her, or the officers and crew in case the vessel had been wrecked by the ice.

The governor could give him no information on the subject, but told him that he had heard of a vessel having been caught in the ice some distance to the north and abandoned. It might be the vessel he was looking for, or it might not.

"When did you get that news?" asked Captain Waldron.

"Me got news 'bout t'ree or four months ago," replied the governor, after a mental calculation of the time.

"Three or four months ago! Who brought it to you?"

"Misque?"

"Who is Misque?"

"Esquimaux man."

"How did he learn about the abandoned vessel?"

"He up dat way. Seen ship in ice. Went aboard. Nobody there. All alone."

"He must have seen the name of the vessel," said the captain, eagerly. "Don't you remember it?"

The governor shook his head.

"You talk to Misque. He tell you everything," he said.

"Where is he?"

"He come to village two t'ree days ago. Me send for him."

"I wish you would. If that was the John Brown, the captain, officers and crew must have started on foot to make their way to the southward. It's a wonder they haven't reached this village."

"P'haps no come this way," said the governor.

"I should think they would have followed the coast."

"No easy to walk. Much 'portant dat you have sled and dog."

"That's true enough, I guess."

"No have guide easy to lose way."

The captain admitted that fact, too. Misque was sent for, and he turned up in the course of half an hour, while the governor was treating



Captain Waldron and Hal to such simple refreshments as his establishment afforded. The Esquimau was short and squat, not more than four feet seven inches high, with rubicund face of the shape of a full moon, and black hair falling over his shoulders. He was a great traveler, knew the northern part of the island like a book, and having mixed a great deal with white men, could make himself understood in several languages, but more particularly in English. The governor told him why he had been sent for, and then introduced him to Captain Waldron.

"You were up north some months ago, I understand, and came upon a vessel abandoned in a creek," said the captain.

"Yes," replied the Esquimau. "A whaler."

"Sure of that, eh?" replied the captain, eagerly.

"Yes. I saw many barrels of oil in her hold. She had three masts, but the hind one had no cross pieces—yards. Had long pieces sticking out at back, with sail folded up."

"A bark," said Captain Waldron, almost satisfied that he had struck the right trail. "You saw her name, didn't you?"

Misque shook his head.

"It must have been on her bows and also on her stern."

The Esquimau said he had not taken any notice of it. At least, he did not remember doing so. The captain was much disappointed. He counted on the Esquimau supplying this important clue. He asked Misque to describe the craft as accurately as he could, and the man did so to the best of his ability. The description, however, would have fitted a score of other barks that were or had been in those waters.

"The name of the vessel I am looking for is the John Brown," said the captain. "Doesn't that refresh your memory?"

Misque had to admit that it did not, but he said he had brought a book and a sealed letter away from the vessel. He had found them lying on the cabin table.

"Where are they?" asked Captain Waldron, eagerly.

The Esquimau said he had left them with a man he stopped with in the village.

"I go and get them right away," he said.

"Good!" cried the captain. "They will probably throw light on the subject."

Accordingly, Misque went away to get the important articles. While he was gone the governor took Captain Waldron and Hal for a short stroll about the village of scattered huts. They went as far as the school-house, a fair-sized, one-story hut built of the same thick material out of which the ordinary dwellings were constructed, and, like them, arched on top in dome form, with a hole in the center to let the smoke of a fire built within escape. Here they found the English clergyman, to whom the governor introduced them. He was a man of modest appearance, who, with his good wife, had devoted their lives to the mental and moral improvement of the little community, and their efforts had met with encouraging success.

The governor remained at the school to keep the scholars in subjection, and his importance produced the necessary effect. When Captain Waldron, Hal and the clergyman returned to the school-house, they found Misque there with the

letter and the log-book of the abandoned craft. The captain took both eagerly. Opening the book, the first words he read were: "Log Book of the American bark, John Brown, Josiah Matthews, master, New Bedford, Mass. Grigsby & Co., owners."

"Found—at last!" exclaimed Captain Waldron, in a tone of satisfaction.

## CHAPTER V.—The Treasure Chest.

"You will pardon me a few minutes," said the captain to the clergyman.

"Certainly, sir," replied the dominie. "Be seated at my table," and he signed to the governor, who rose and walked to the door, where he engaged in a conversation with Misque.

Captain Waldron, before looking further into the log-book, opened the letter, which was not sealed, and began to read. He had not proceeded far before he uttered a startled ejaculation, which, however, did not attract the attention of either Hal or the clergyman, who were talking about the school, and the progress made by the funny-looking little Esquimaux. The letter was a long one and took the captain more than a quarter of an hour to finish, his manner showing great agitation toward the close. When he reached the end he sat for some moment's staring at the signature of the writer, like a person stunned by some terrible revelation. At last he folded it up and put it carefully away in an inner pocket, and turned his attention to the log-book. He ran the leaves over rapidly till he came to a certain part, which he read carefully, and then seemed to consider what he had read. Then he hurried over the leaves again till he reached another place at which he stopped, and from there on gave the pages more or less attention. While he was thus engaged Hal and the clergyman exhausted the subject of the school, and began to talk about Iceland, and particularly the country around about the locality. Hal learned a whole lot about that extensive island, for the clergyman had lived many years on it, and was thoroughly familiar with it.

"It consists in great part of lofty mountains, many of which are active volcanoes. Only certain level districts along the coast are inhabited, or capable of cultivation," said the clergyman.

"I suppose the biggest part of the island will never amount to anything, then?" replied Hal.

"It is not likely to, for nature has raised an impassable barrier to progress, in the shape of rugged tracts of naked lava and ice-fields. The inhabitants are largely dependent on hunting and fishing."

"What do the Icelanders hunt besides seals and polar bears, and maybe whales?"

"Sea-fowl are abundant at this season of the year, and are largely killed. The walrus and several species of seal are abundant. The whale and cod fisheries are of special importance."

"I should think you'd get tired of living in this out-of-the-way spot—where you have no daily paper to keep you in touch with what is going on in the world."

"I am perfectly contented with the place and the work Heaven has selected me to perform," replied the clergyman, in a mild tone.



"Then you intend to remain here indefinitely?"

"I have no idea of making any change at present," he replied.

Hal glanced at the captain and saw that he was still engaged with the log-book. Then he saw a curious-looking piece of glistening metal hanging behind the chair.

"What is that?" he asked the clergyman, pointing at it.

"A piece of ore found by an Esquimau in an extinct crater up the coast," was the reply. "A curious story attaches to it."

"Yes?" said Hal, in some curiosity.

"The native who found and brought that piece of ore to me declared that he saw a chest of gold coins in a hole there which he was unable to reach because he had no rope, or other means of lowering himself down to it."

"A chest of gold coins?" exclaimed Hal, much astonished.

"Yes, a seaman's chest."

"Do you believe that?"

"I think the man must have seen such a thing, though he may have mistaken the nature of its contents, for he is a thoroughly reliable fellow."

"Why didn't you get him to take you to the spot? Such a thing as a chest full of money is worth investigating."

"I could not very well go on such an expedition, and besides, I have no particular use for money in quantity."

"You could return to civilization with it and live like a nob."

The clergyman shook his head.

"Such a prospect does not appeal to me. Rather would I remain here and minister to the welfare of the simple inhabitants who appreciate what I and my wife do for them. Believe me, there is no greater happiness than to feel that you are filling a niche in the universe which would miss you were you to drop out of it."

"I suppose the native told the governor, or some of his friends, about what he saw, didn't he?"

"Yes; an expedition was organized to recover the chest and its contents."

"And it was recovered, I suppose, and made the party rich—that is, if it was really a chest of money?"

"It was not recovered," replied the clergyman.

"Why not?"

"Because the Esquimau was unable to find the spot in the crater from which he caught a view of the treasure-chest."

"If he hunted long enough I should think he would have found it. How big is the crater?"

"It's of some size, I have been told, and dangerous to go down into. If one lost his footing it would mean death, for the depth of the opening is unknown."

"How far up the coast is this crater?" asked Hal.

"Sixty or seventy miles, I believe."

"Is it hard to reach?"

"Although very high, and standing out as a landmark, distinguishable at a considerable distance, it is not hard to reach from the east. The approaches, however, are covered with snow and ice, and I should imagine it would be difficult to get near it for that reason by any one not accustomed to the country. The Esquimau can go

most anywhere without being deterred by obstacles that would daunt a white stranger."

"I suppose it is not near any inhabited place?"

"There is a village close by, near to the shore."

"What is the name of the village?"

"Tamasak."

"Do you know, I should like to have a try for that treasure," said Hal.

The clergyman smiled.

"Impossible," he said, mildly. "If Guilik could not find it again, how could you, even suitably accompanied, hope to reach it?"

"We Americans can accomplish a whole lot when we put our minds to it," said Hal. "However, it isn't likely I'll have the chance for a look in, for I am not an independent person. I am attached to the brig in which I came here, and where she goes I have to go. I hardly think Captain Waldron would fall in with any proposition I might make him on the subject. A chest of gold coins has its attractions, but the skipper wouldn't care to embark on a wild goose chase after it."

The clergyman clearly agreed with him. At that juncture Captain Waldron closed the log-book, and, calling Hal, handed it to him.

"We will return to the brig now," he said. "But first I wish to have a talk with the Esquimau."

He went to the door and called Misque aside. Their conversation was short and then the man went away. Captain Waldron and Hal bade the clergyman good-by, and, accompanied by the governor, started back through the village. They parted with the boss of the village at the door of his habitation and continued on. The brig was in plain view, but a short distance off shore, with the crew working like busy bees along her port side on the body of the big whale, and on her deck, from which rose a heavy cloud of black smoke from the trying-out kettles.

"Hal," said the captain, in a solemn way, "you've been talking with that chap we took off the iceberg. What do you think of him?"

"I think he's the biggest liar under the sun, and a mighty hard case to boot," replied the boy, promptly.

"A liar—how?"

Hal told the captain the story Bill Blaine had related to him and his two friends soon after he was brought aboard.

"Did he give you the same yarn, sir?" asked the boy.

"He did not. He could hardly expect me to believe such a thing as that. He told me that he belonged to a Norwegian sealer named the Nyloping. That he and his two companions left the vessel one morning on a polar bear hunt, were overtaken by a snowstorm and were unable to find their way back to the bark. They wandered about for several days and finally reached the shore. By that time they were nearly dead with hunger and exhaustion. Climbing a tall, projecting cape of ice to make observations, as a last resort, his two companions lost their balance and slid down into a crevasse, disappearing from view. While trying to make out where they had gone he fell into another part of the crevasse and slid into a kind of cave, where he found a cache of provisions. After satisfying his hunger he tried to crawl out, with the view of finding



his friends, but the feat was impossible. He remained there all through the winter months and well up to the present part of the summer, when the cape if ice in some way became detached from the shore, resolved itself into an iceberg and went afloat. He was now able to get out of the cave and walk about the berg. He floated around for a considerable time, and had just exhausted the last of his provisions when we hove in sight. He signaled us and was taken off, for which blessing he was truly thankful," said Captain Waldron.

"That's a more reasonable story than the one he gave us, but I doubt if it is the exact truth," said Hal.

"I have my doubts, too," said the captain, solemnly. "Now I want you to try and pump him if you can manage it. Be careful, for I fear he is a bad character, and whatever he lets drop inform me about. Try to discover if he has ever been a cook."

"I heard him tell Pete this morning that he could knock spots out of him at making coffee," said Hal.

"He said that?" cried Captain Waldron.

"Yes, and he wanted the cook to let him fry his own bacon. He said he could do it a whole lot better."

The captain remained silent during the rest of the walk to the place where they took a sled, offered by an Esquimau, and were carried out to where the boat lay.

"You were away some time," said Nat to Hal. "What sort of a place is the village?"

"Nothing to brag about. We met the governor, or boss of the hamlet, and also a clergyman, who runs a school, and his wife," replied Hal.

A few lusty strokes soon brought the boat under the brig's part quarter, and the captain, followed by the boys, stepped on board.

"Hal," said the skipper, "follow me into the cabin."

They found Jessie reading beside the stove. She gave the boy a winsome smile and put down her book, expecting to exchange a few words with him. In this she was disappointed, for her father took Hal straight into his state-room and carefully shot the door, turning the key in it, to the boy's surprise.

"Hal, for a reason which I deem very important, I am going to take you into my confidence," he began, in a tone that gave the lad an idea that something out of the usual was on the tapis. "You have doubtless gathered from what you have heard during our visit to the village that the reason why I have sailed so far north of our regular whaling ground was to learn intelligence about the missing bark, John Brown. I was instructed to do this by the owners, Grigsby & Co., to whom the vessel belongs, in case I obtained no tidings of her in the ordinary way."

The captain paused and took the letter out of his pocket. He held it in his hand while he went on.

"The log-book you brought aboard, and this letter, came from the John Brown, brought to the village by Misque, the Esquimau. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"The letter, which I want you to read, for a particular reason, tells a horrible story. While

you are reading it I will take the book and go into the cabin. I will return in a short time, and then we will have a talk."

Thus speaking, Captain Waldron handed Hal the letter, picked up the book and left the state-room.

## CHAPTER VI.—A Tale of Horror.

The letter was addressed: "To any shipmaster or other person who speaks English," and ran as follows:

"This will inform the world that the whaler, John Brown, owned by Grigsby & Co., of New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A., has been abandoned here, with her cargo of sperm oil, by the survivors of a tragedy, in which the master, Josiah Matthews; first mate, David Ogden; carpenter, Walt Becker, and able seamen Parker, Mudgett, Boone, Taylor and Hobson lost their lives at the hands of a revengeful scoundrel named Steve Williams, whom we picked up at sea, a month back, in an open boat, and who claimed to be the sole survivor of the ship Esmeralda, Tavistock, master, bound from Cardiff, in Wales, for St Johns, New Brunswick, which he says went down in a heavy gale with all hands save himself.

"This fiend in human form proved unmanageable from the first, and on one occasion had to be put in irons for wounding the cook with his sheath-knife. He was subsequently released, on promising to behave himself, though Captain Matthews intended turning him over to the authorities when we got back to port. He did behave after a fashion, but his conduct was never satisfactory. In the light of what ultimately happened, it seems clear that the scoundrel meditated revenge, and was only biding his time. That time came weeks later, when the bark was obliged to seek winter quarters in this creek to avoid utter destruction from the fast-forming ice which cut off our escape from these Arctic waters.

"We had been two weeks in the creek, completely surrounded by the ice, which, owing to the narrowness of the anchorage ground, could not accumulate in sufficient force to injure the stanch timbers of the bark, when the cook was taken ill. He was not in a dangerous way, but was incapacitated from attending to his duty. In this emergency the captain called for a volunteer cook, and Steve Williams was the first who responded. The captain did not regard his application with much favor, but the man assured him that he was a good cook, and, after some hesitation, Captain Matthews consented to give him a trial. To the surprise of all hands, he demonstrated unusual ability in the galley, and was allowed to fill the cook's shoes for the time being. Naturally, he was allowed to have the run of the vessel's store-room, and there, in an evil moment, the villain discovered a package of arsenic, which poison was used to keep down the large cock-roaches which infested the vessel.

"On Christmas Day the captain proposed to give all hands a blow-off, in honor of the day, not that there was any turkey or other kind of fowl in sight. Williams was directed to spread himself, and he promised to prepare as near an approach to a plum pudding as the resources of the craft permitted. He cooked the pudding two days



before, and exhibited it with apparent pride. It certainly looked good, and he was complimented over the result. For the first time since he came on board the ghost of a grin rested on his features, and as he had behaved unusually good since he took charge of the galley, the unpleasant feelings that all hands had entertained toward him were mitigated, and the hand of good fellowship was extended to him, as seemed to be about the right sentiment for Christmas time.

"Christmas Day opened as dark as a six-months' polar night can make it around the sixty-seventh parallel, and there were snow flurries all morning. Dinner was set for four o'clock. Two hours before that time several polar bears made their appearance on the ice, and I proposed to the first mate that we take our rifles and try and capture one. Had he fallen in with my proposition his life would have been spared. He declined to leave the bark because he preferred to read in the cabin to engaging in a bear hunt, with its possible dangers, so being bent on the expedition, I looked around for another companion or two.

"I found them in the chief harpooner and two of the foremast hands. At the last moment a young apprentice we had aboard joined us, and the five of us started for the bears. The animals did not show fight, as we expected they would, but led us quite a chase. We soon lost sight of the bark, but we had our bearings and did not fear that we would have any difficulty in getting back. Two hours passed unnoticed in the excitement of the chase, and at last we wounded one of the bears and closed in on him. At that moment it began to snow, and we hastened to make short work of the bear. He was not an easy proposition when brought to bay, and by the time we finally mastered him we were in the midst of a blinding snowstorm.

"We had to abandon our prize and make tracks for the bark. This was no easy job, for the air had grown thick and black, and the prominent landmark on which we relied was hidden from us entirely, so that by no amount of guesswork could we determine in which direction it lay. However, we made the best of a bad job, and tried to retrace our steps. We succeeded very badly indeed, for after plodding on for miles we failed to get sight of the lights we knew the captain would display for our benefit.

"To make a long story short, we had to admit that we were lost, and we took shelter in an ice cave as the best refuge at hand to wait for the storm to blow over, which looked unlikely till morning. It was hard luck to lose our Christmas dinner, or rather the piece de resistance—the plum pudding, for which our mouths watered, and never more so than at that moment when we were far removed from it. If we had only known how lucky we were in missing it; but we didn't. That knowledge came later on, and it quite took the starch out of us.

"We passed that long night as best we could, huddled together for warmth, and along toward the time when morning would have broken in lower latitudes the storm eased up and finally quit altogether. The sky remained as dark as ever, for the snow clouds still hung threateningly above the landscape, as if uncertain whether to begin operations all over again or not. In that

state of affairs, it was quite impossible for us to get a sight of the landmark on which we relied to find out way back to the vessel, consequently we did not deem it wise to leave our shelter yet a while.

"It seemed to us that half a day passed away before the air lightened. Then we looked around for the landmark. We saw what appeared to be it miles away in the distance. Apparently we had wandered a long way out of the right direction. We were mighty hungry by this time, and we started toward the landmark at as fast a clip as the snow would permit of, which you may believe, was not very rapid. Not one of us showed any tendency to lag, though we had a tough tramp ahead of us. In the course of an hour or so we recognized the landmark beyond any doubt, and that encouraged us greatly.

"Well, it was darkening up again, which meant that another polar day was drawing to its close, when we came in sight of the bark. The sight of her inspired a cheer, although we were awfully fagged out by that time. It was like coming in sight of one's home port after a long cruise in foreign waters. We pegged away with the remains of our strength, and at last we reached the vessel, and wearily clambered up the icy ladder, covered with snow, which showed the tracks of a single pair of heavy boots. I noticed that these tracks led away out on the ice in the direction of the Basin, but their significance did not then strike me.

"To our surprise, there wasn't a light fore or aft, neither in the galley nor on the masts, where, now that it was quite dark again, we looked to see lights hung as a guide to us lost ones. Moreover, the vessel was as silent as the grave, something most unusual. When I remarked the strangeness of it, the apprentice said that maybe all hands had gone off in parties searching for us. It was singular that I had not thought of so reasonable a thing, and so I agreed that that was the cause of the silence and the absence of lights.

"I started for the cabin and my companions for the fok's'l. When we had thawed out a bit we intended to forage in the pantry for something to eat. The cabin was as dark as the fabled caves of Erebus, and as cold as any house could be without a fire, for the big stove had gone almost out, which fact gave me the idea that the captain and chief mate, with the hands, must have started out early in the hunt for us, probably right after the storm stopped. The cold did not bother me so much, as my blood was in circulation after the long walk, so the first thing I did was to strike a match to light the lamp which swung above the table. The table was covered with dishes, on which lay fragments of food, to my mind the remains of an early dinner before the start was made. The door of the captain's state-room stood ajar, and so did the chief mate's, but this only showed seeming haste on the part of the occupants.

"After lighting the lamp I turned to the stove, intending to start it up, when my four companions of the hunt came dashing in on me with a look of horror on their faces I shall never forget. The chief harpooner opened his mouth to say something, but no sound came forth. The four stopped and stared at me like men who suf-



ferred from a terrible shock. I regarded them with surprise.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Oh, mercy!" gasped the harpooner. "Worse than that, sir; something awful has happened."

"What has happened?" I asked, curiously, perhaps lightly, for I was far from suspecting the terrible calamity that over-shadowed the bark.

"All hands are stark dead in the fok's'l," replied the harpooner, with a groan, as the horror of the sight he and his companions had witnessed came over him again.

"What nonsense are you talking!" I exclaimed, almost angrily, for I could see no sense in such a declaration.

"No nonsense, sir, as Heaven is my judge," he replied, solemnly. "Go and see for yourself. Every man jack of them is stiff and stark, as though they had been struck down of a sudden with the plague."

"I stared at the man. He was clearly in dead earnest, and the looks of the other three were on a par with his own. I was dumfounded. I could not believe such an absurd declaration. Yet neither could I understand what had given these men the idea voiced by the harpooner. The easiest and quickest way to settle the matter was to go into the fok's'l myself and see what had given rise to the men's fright. I was so satisfied that the captain, the chief mate and the crew were out hunting for us that the idea of finding any corpses in the fok's'l was the last thing in my mind."

"Is the slush lamp lighted?" I asked the harpooner.

"It is, sir, but it's very dim; better take a lantern."

"I went into the pantry and took down the lantern that hung there, lighted it, and, followed by the three men and the apprentice, started across the snow-covered deck, which I noticed showed the tracks of but a few boots, and walked through the door into the space under the half-deck. I held up the lantern and looked around. The others, apparently loath to come in, gathered about the entrance. The sight that met my startled eyes fairly paralyzed me. The harpooner had told nothing but the truth. In the bunks and on the floor, in every kind of attitude, with distorted countenances, lay the rest of the crew—dead."

"One look was enough to convince me that not one of them had the breath of life in him."

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"I looked each one over, including the invalid cook, who lay in his bunk. All of the crew, except the four who had been out with me, were there. No, I was wrong. One man who belonged there was missing—Steve Williams. Had he been the first to fall in some irretrievable way, had befallen the others? Then I thought of the galley, which looked as silent and deserted as the rest of the vessel. He must be in there, and dead, too."

"I walked out of the fore-castle in a dazed state, and my companions followed me over to the galley. Throwing open the door, I flashed the light in, fully expecting to see the corpse of the acting cook in there. But no such gruesome sight

greeted my eyes. Williams wasn't there. It was with a feeling of relief that I turned away from the galley; but the next instant my heart went cold with the sudden thought—what about the captain, the chief mate and the carpenter? Where were they? I had not seen a sign of them since I came aboard."

"Come with me," I said hoarsely to my companions, and I made straight for the cabin again, resolved to know the worst at once."

"As we passed through the passage I stopped and opened the door of the carpenter's room. Holding the lantern above my head, I looked in. The carpenter lay curled up in his bunk. I called him by name, but he never moved. I stepped in and looked at him. He was dead as a coffin nail. I must have looked like a ghost when I walked out, for the four looked at me with frightened eyes. They seemed to understand what I had seen, and the knowledge that we five had returned to the charnel ship was almost too much for them."

"He's dead, too," I said in a hollow tone.

"An' the cap'n and chief mate——" said the harpooner.

"Don't," I said, leaning up against the wall of the passage and staring through into the silent cabin, brightly lighted by the lamp."

"Every one is dead," said the harpooner in a fierce way, as though he considered it a personal affront that all on board should die while we five were lost in the snow and darkness."

"No," I replied, in a listless tone, "one man is not accounted for."

"The four looked at each other and then at me."

"You mean Steve Williams?" said the harpooner.

"I nodded. 'He's not in the fore-castle, nor in the galley; neither is he in the pantry,' I said. 'He must have left the bark.'"

"Why should he be the only one to get away?"

"I shrugged my shoulders. I was too stunned by the wholesale tragedy to reason the matter out at that moment. While the men were muttering together, and the apprentice stood by with a look of awe on his face, I started on again. I went first to the mate's door and looked in. I saw what I was expecting—the chief mate lying motionless in his berth. I felt that it was useless to go in and look at him. I knew he was dead, just as I felt convinced that the captain was also dead in his stateroom. So I closed the door and entered the captain's room. The lamp was burning in the bracket. Captain Matthews was seated in a chair beside a small desk to which he had apparently dragged himself with a great effort from his bunk. A sheet of note paper lay on the desk, and a pencil was held in the rigid fingers of the corpse. I picked up the paper, for I saw there was writing on it. I read what the dying man had written with his last conscious effort. I felt my hair rise under my hat as I comprehended the fearful truth. This is what it said: 'The plum pudding was loaded with arsenic, and every soul aboard, with the exception of the murderer, is poisoned. All will die, if they aren't already dead. Steve Williams has done this. He has mur——'

"There is no use of prolonging this narrative. I did not expect to say so much about it when



I started in, but the story seemed to write itself. We buried the captain, Mr. Ogden, the carpenter, and the crew in the snow—all side by side in a row, and as we did it the harpooner cursed Steve Williams, and swore he'd have his life if they ever met.

"We have stayed by the bark till the polar summer has come around again—we couldn't do otherwise. What has become of Williams we know not, neither do we care. If he had come back we would have given him a short shift for his life. Wherever he went we know that he carried a good supply of provisions with him—enough to last him a long time, with economy.

"We have held several councils together, and we are satisfied that we cannot move the bark out of the creek. The chance of rescue here is too remote for us to pin our hope to it. We cannot bear the idea of spending another dreary winter in this place, and so, with three months more of daylight before us, we have decided to abandon the vessel and make our way south, expecting, within a month, to strike some village, whence we can secure means of transportation to a port that will connect us with civilization.

"I leave this letter, with the bark's log book, so that if the vessel is found the cause of her abandonment in a seaworthy state may be fully understood. As it is not at all uncertain that we will survive the tramp we are about to undertake, though we are encouraged to believe that we will, I request that the persons who find this letter and the log book will, after reading the former, transmit both to the owners, Messrs. Grigsby & Co., New Bedford, Mass., U. S. A., as soon as circumstances will permit

"Howard Hoyt, Second Mate."

## CHAPTER VII.—Under Orders.

Hal read the letter from start to finish with the same interest he would have shown in a thrilling chapter of some book of fiction. It was not till he reached the writer's signature that he began to realize that what he had just read was no fiction.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "What a scoundrel! To poison the captain, chief mate and most of the crew of the vessel which picked him up at sea, thereby saving his rascally life. I wonder where he went to after committing that fearful crime? The writer of the letter says he took a lot of provisions with him, so I suppose he sneaked down the coast to the first village, and there got an Esquimaux to guide him to some port where he could escape from the island. Well, he's had six more months to get away in, if he didn't get into trouble and turn up his toes."

Hal reread some parts of the letter while waiting for the captain to return. Suddenly he gave a kind of gasp and looked up.

"What if this man, who calls himself Bill Blaine, whom we took off the iceberg yesterday, should prove to be the murderer alluded to in this letter?" he said to himself. "By thunder! I believe he is the same fellow. He hasn't given a square explanation of how he came to be on the berg. The yarn he spun Joe, Nat and me was too absurd for a reasonable person to credit.

The idea of a vessel being lifted up a hundred feet in the air out of the water by the turning over of the berg, and then meeting her feet by sliding down in another direction, while Blaine saved himself by hanging on to the handle of an augur driven into the ice. And then the reason he gave for the vessel anchoring herself to the berg—that there was a professor aboard who wanted to hunt in the ice for a blind fish, called a spell-differ, that was to be caught by boring a hole in the ice and sprinkling fine tobacco around the edge of the hole. I wonder if the rascal took us chaps for blamed fools to swallow such rot?"

Hal's reflection were interrupted by the return of the captain.

"Well, you've read the letter," said the captain.

"Yes, sir; and I never read a more horrible story," replied the boy.

"Does it suggest anything to your mind?"

"Yes, sir. It has given rise to a strong suspicion that the man we took off the berg yesterday, and who says his name is Bill Blaine, is really the Steve Williams mentioned in the letter as the murderer of the captain, chief mate, and most of the crew of the bark John Brown," said Hal.

"That is exactly what I suspected myself," said Captain Waldron. "The fellow has a wicked look, and the story he told me to account for his presence on the berg seems highly improbable."

"It certainly does, though it's not near so bad as the yarn he gave me and my friends. I wonder why he told two different stories? He ought to have had sense enough to make up a reasonable one and stick to it."

"Some men make fools of themselves under any circumstances," said the captain. "A criminal usually invites his own undoing through some mistake, the significance of which he does not realize at the time."

"Well, sir, what are you going to do about this man?"

"I can do nothing as yet. I have taken you into my confidence with the view of using you as a bait. I want you to try and trap him."

"I'm ready to do anything you propose, but I'm afraid I'll have my work cut out. He's a ticklish fellow to monkey with. If he should suspect what I am driving at——"

"You mustn't give him any reason to suspect. He can't have any idea that we have any knowledge of the tragedy that happened on board the John Brown last Christmas, nearly eight months ago."

"He knows that the second mate and four of the crew escaped the fate he had prepared for all."

"It is not unlikely that he believes they perished in the snow-storm, for they did not regain the bark for hours after the storm ceased, and it is pretty certain that the murderer did not leave the vessel, with his bag of provisions, until he was certain the storm was over for good. In any event he does not count on suspicion resting on him, though he is trying to hide his real identity, which is a natural thing for him to do."

"You want me to try and find out if he really is Steve Williams?"

"Yes. The most important link will be to establish the fact that he is a capable cook."



"I wouldn't like to take the risk of eating anything he cooked. We have arsenic aboard to feed cockroaches with."

"He would scarcely try to repeat such a trick without some powerful motive."

"If he gets the idea in his head that he is under suspicion, that will be motive enough."

"He mustn't get that idea. You must be very cautious in your efforts to trap him. You mustn't drop a hint of what you learn from that letter to anybody, particularly your friends. They would be sure to convass the subject between themselves, and with you, and the rascal might hear the talk. I do not intend to tell my officers at present. Only you and I now possess the terrible secret, unless the second mate of the bark and the hands who escaped the tragedy have reached civilization. I fear they have not, else we should have heard from them at the village. The place is not over 15 miles from the creek where the John Brown lies abandoned, and surely they ought to have covered that distance in the time which has elapsed since they left the vessel."

Hal left the captain's stateroom and went forward, where he was just in time to get his share of the rations the cook was serving out to the men.

The whale during the next few hours had been all tried out, and the ship's nose had been pointed to the north. Some of the men demurred at this, and the one who was the most loud in his denunciations of the ship's course was Bill Blaine, who circulated among the men and urged them on to put up a stiff kick against the vessel going farther north into the frozen sea. Thus a day passed and a night. Two Esquimaux and two teams of dogs and sleds had been taken on board by the captain before starting.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Blaine Breaks Out.

When Captain Waldron came on deck in the morning, in his thick pilot jacket and fur cap, with huge ear-flaps, the first thing he did was to look at the sky. The weather, which had been fine for a week or more, had changed during the night, and the firmament was obscured by banks of heavy clouds. Before he came up the skipper had looked at the thermometer, but it did not indicate any sudden change, though it had dropped a little.

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Noakes?" he asked the second mate.

"Looks kind of doubtful to me, sir," replied the officer.

"The thermometer does not show any pronounced change."

"I dare say things will clear up after a while."

"I hope so."

The men appear to be very sullen this morning, sir. I fear trouble from them."

"Trouble, eh? Have any of them expressed dissatisfaction to you?"

"No, sir; but their feelings are plainly to be seen in their faces and actions. They appear to be opposed to going farther north."

"Who is the captain of this ship?"

"You are, sir."

"Very good. I propose to take the brig where I choose. I am carrying out certain instructions I received from the owners. You can tell the men that if they should speak to you on the subject."

"I think that chap we took off the iceberg is fomenting trouble."

Captain Waldron was not surprised to hear this. He had already been warned by Hal of Blaine's attitude and tactics, and was prepared to put the fellow in irons at the first evidence of insubordination on his part.

"I know," replied the captain. "He has been telling the men that if the brig goes much further north she'll be caught and crushed in the ice, or at the best we will be cut off by floes and obliged to winter in this region."

"There is always the chance of such a thing happening at the close of summer," said the mate.

"I look for another month of fine weather and clear water."

The second mate, who privately sympathized with the sentiment felt by the men, made no reply.

He was just as eager as they were to see the brig's nose pointed to the south. Hal was at the wheel. The captain walked over to him.

"Anything new to report, Hal?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid matters are coming to a head in the fore-castle, sir. The crew intend to send a delegation to you this morning to inform you that they object to going further north."

"They do, eh?" replied Captain Waldron.

"They will ask you why the two Esquimaux, the sleds and the dogs are aboard."

"What else?"

"If your explanation is not satisfactory to them they propose to insist that you put the Esquimaux and their property ashore and alter the brig's course to the south."

"Insist, eh?"

"If you refuse to fall in with their wishes there is some talk of locking you in your stateroom, and compelling the officer on duty to turn the brig's head about."

"Rank mutiny, by thunder!" exclaimed the captain, angrily. "I suppose Blaine is at the bottom of all this?"

"He is. He has worked the men into a nasty humor."

"Do they recognize him as their leader?"

"No, I don't think they do, for he's not popular with them. Still, he has obtained quite an ascendancy in the fore-castle since we resumed our way north."

"The scoundrel! I shall put him in irons at the first excuse."

The captain walked up and down the weather side of the poop, and it was plain he was not a little disturbed by the news Hal had told him. Presently the brig's bell was struck eight times, indicating the end of the morning watch. The chief mate came on deck and the second mate went below. One of the crew came aft to relieve Hal at the wheel. Just then the steward stuck his head up the companion ladder and called the skipper to breakfast. As Hal went forward he noticed a thickening of the atmosphere in the northeast, which soon developed into a sea fog.



This, with the other impediments in the shape of icebergs and floating blocks of ice, made navigation more than difficult, and these conditions, you may well believe, did not add to the good nature of the crew. At breakfast the men were much disturbed by the frequent unpleasant bumping of floating blocks of ice against the brig's side. Sometimes the shock was so heavy as to shake the vessel from keel to truck.

"You see, my hearties, what you have to expect if we keep on," said Blaine, looking around the forecabin; "only you'll get it wuss and more of it."

"Well, it's understood that a delegation is to wait on the cap'n this mornin' some time to express our feelin's," said a sailor named Butler. "We might just as well decide now who's goin' to face the music."

"I s'pose you'll be one, and do the talkin'," said another hand. "Maybe Blaine is anxious to get on the firin' line, too."

"It ain't my place to chip in," replied Blaine. "I ain't a reg'lar member of the crew, not havin' signed articles."

"You've been doin' a whole lot of talkin' just the same," said another. "It was you proposed the delegation."

"What if I did? I done it for the good of the crew, didn't I?"

"Well, it's my opinion you ought to take the lead."

"Tryin' to crawl out yourself," sneered Blaine, in an ugly way.

"Don't you go makin' insinuations agin me or I'll knock the daylight out'r you," roared the other, whose name was Ryan.

"What's that? You knock the daylights out'r me? I could lick two like you and not know I was doin' anything," cried Blaine.

As the words left his mouth Ryan flung his plate, which took Blaine in the face. That ruffian was on his feet in a moment with his case-knife in his hand. He flung himself so quickly on Ryan that the man had no chance to save himself, and he would have been stabbed but for the presence of mind and pluck of Hal. The boy darted at Blaine and seized the wrist of the hand that held the knife. Blaine turned on Hal with a terrible imprecation and struck him in the face with his left fist. Hal maintained his grip, however, and Nat and Joe flew to his assistance. As the two laid hold of Blaine, Ryan got on his feet and kicked the knife out of the derelict's hands.

The rest of the crew, resenting Blaine's murderous tactics, seized him, and battered him badly before they let up on him. He staggered out of the forecabin, muttering dark threats, and made his way to a bucket full of water that stood beside the galley. He never looked more villainous than he did at that moment, with blood running down his face from the scalp and other wounds inflicted by the crew. Shaking his fist at the door of the forecabin, he swore to have revenge on all concerned, but more particularly on Hal, who had balked him in his attempt on Ryan's life. Then he began to wash the blood from his countenance and wounds. In the meantime Ryan thanked Hal for saving his life, and also Nat and Joe for chipping in at the critical moment. The rest of the crew also complimented

Hal on his nifty conduct, and there was no doubt that he had risen many degrees in their estimation. They denounced Blaine as a ruffianly rascal and swore to have nothing to do with him in the future.

After breakfast they resumed the discussion of the subject uppermost in their minds, and finally Butler, Ryan and another sailor agreed to wait upon the captain and state their grievance. As the fog now was pretty thick, and things were very misty on deck, they decided to wait until the weather cleared somewhat. The captain when he came on deck again ordered the brig hove to until the fog passed away. The thumping of the floating ice continued at intervals, but was not so bad as while the vessel was making headway. It was not till after dinner had been served out and eaten that the fog lifted and the sun was seen again in a fairly clear sky. Then the delegation walked aft, followed at a distance by the rest of the crew, and Hal was sent into the cabin to ask the skipper to come out. Captain Waldron, after learning from the boy what he might expect, appeared at the passage door and confronted the men.

"Well," he said, "what have you to say to me?"

"Me, Ryan and Davis have been app'nted a committee to say a few words on a matter that concerns all hands," said Butler, acting spokesman.

"Say them, then," replied the captain, quietly.

"You see, sir, the hold's nearly full," continued Butler. "A whale or two more will fill the rest of the barrels, and then we expect you'll make all sail for home. While we allow there's whales 'round here, we'd take 'em further south. We don't see no sense in you keepin' to the north like you're doin'. We old salts know that you're takin' chances of bein' caught in the frost, and then we'd be obliged to stay ice-bound all winter, which ain't no pleasant prospect, seein' that we're been nearly two years away from port up to the present, and we're anxious to get home and see our families ag'in. Now sir, we respectfully ask of you to 'bout ship and get back into less dangerous water."

"Have you got through?" asked Captain Waldron.

"That depends on your answer, sir."

"Well, my answer is that I am the master of this brig, and that when I see fit to turn her head south I will do so. I have a very important reason for keeping to our present course, and so I propose to do so. You men will please remember that you shipped for the cruise, and not for any particular destination. When we have reached the point I am aiming at, and have performed the duty that rests on my shoulders, we will turn our faces south, but not till then. That's all I have to say on the subject," said the skipper, in a resolute tone.

The delegation looked at each other and seemed at a loss how to proceed. Finally Butler said:

"P'raps you'll give us an idee how much further north you are expectin' to go?"

"Maybe 100 miles, maybe more; I can't tell you exactly."

The answer didn't hit the delegation favorably. The rest of the crew heard the captain's words, and a murmur of disapproval rose from their ranks.



"P'raps you'll tell us why you took the two Esquimaux, the dogs and the sleds aboard at the village below," said Butler.

"You'll find out in due time," replied Captain Waldron.

"We want to find out now," shouted a voice among the crew.

"You have my answer," returned the skipper. "Mr. Noakes," to the mate who was standing at the rail above, "put the brig on her course again."

With those words he turned around and walked back through the passage to the cabin. The delegation rejoined the crew, and all hands, except the watch on deck, re-entered the fore-castle in an ugly frame of mind.

The brig was put on her course, the crew working in a reluctant way. Hal and Joe realized there was bound to be trouble. Navigation from now on grew worse and worse. Then the skipper called the crew together and related to them the reason for his going farther north. It partly satisfied the crew and things went better for a day. Bill Blaine kept by himself, talking to no one. One night Hal saw him steal out of his bunk and enter the hold up forward and he suspected he was there for no good purpose, so he determined to follow him. As he entered the hold he heard a suspicious noise as if Blaine was ripping a board off the partition separating the oil barrels from the other part of the hold. Hal crept forward and was just in time to see Blaine crawling through the partition. Hal sprang forward and pinned the rascal in the opening he had made.

## CHAPTER IX.—Hal Sights the John Brown.

The fellow uttered an imprecation, and struggled to free himself, but he did not succeed, in spite of his strength.

"What are you doing here, Bill Blaine?" demanded Hal.

"Hal! It is you, is it?" cried the sailor, recognizing his voice.

"Yes."

"You've been spyin' on me, blast you!"

"No, but I woke up and saw you slip through the trap. You had no business in the hold, so I followed you to see what you were up to."

"Let go my arm or it will be the worst for you."

"Not much. What game are you up to?"

"None of your blamed business."

"I'm making it my business."

"I'll fix you in a moment."

Hal knew the rascal was feeling for his knife with his left hand. It was a critical moment for the boy. At this juncture there came the sound of men's feet on the plank above, and presently a lantern was flashed down into the hold.

"Where are you, Hal?" asked Mr. Flint's voice.

"Here, sir. I've got the fellow, but he's trying to use his knife on me," replied the young sailor.

The chief mate lost no time in sliding down the ladder, and he was followed by several of the watch, with Joe coming in the rear. The flash of the mate's lantern revealed Blaine in the act of making a drive at Hal with his knife, but in rather an awkward way. The boy caught

his wrist and held on, and the ruffian could do nothing. The mate shoved the lantern in his face.

"What are you doing in the hold at this hour?" asked Mr. Flint. "Drop that knife, you rascal."

Blaine dropped it, for he couldn't help himself. He made no answer, however, to the officer's question.

"Here, pull that chap back through the bulk-head," said Mr. Flint to the men.

Two of them reached for the rascal, and then Hal let go and got out of the way. Blaine was handled very gently, and the sailors soon landed him in the forward part of the hold, which was a sort of dunnage-room, filled with rope, sails, and a hundred nautical articles. The mate saw that the two missing boards, which lay close by, had been ripped out of position. Of course, Blaine must have done it in order to make a passageway for himself.

"What was your object in trying to get into the main hold?" he asked the man, but Blaine maintained a dogged silence.

He had no excuse to offer, and so he said nothing. "Take him out of this," ordered Mr. Flint. Blaine was ordered up the ladder, and he went. He was marched aft and the mate locked him up temporarily in a spare room adjoining the carpenter's quarters off the passage, until the captain passed upon his case. Hal and Joe turned in again and slept until they were aroused at midnight by eight bells. In the morning the captain was informed of Blaine's nocturnal wanderings. He went forward, stepped down into the dunnage-room and looked at the damage done by the rascal. Hal stated the facts of the case to him, and on top of that spoke about the attempt Blaine made on Ryan's life at noon the day before.

"That matter should have been reported to me at once," said Captain Waldron.

"I thought he got enough from the crew," replied Hal, "They half killed him."

"He isn't a man to take chances with," replied the skipper.

He returned aft and ordered the ruffian brought before him. Blaine had no excuse or defense to offer, so Captain Waldron had him put in irons and confined in the dunnage-room. Two days passed, and then Misque pointed to a distant mountain with a round top which he said was where the village of Tamask was situated near its base.

"How far from that is the creek where the bark is held in the ice?" asked Captain Waldron.

"About eight mile up the coast."

Hal was deeply interested in that mountain, for he knew it was the crater where the chest of gold was hidden. He had found out that the other Esquimau was the chap who had seen the treasure and reported it, and then failed to find it again. He was unable to talk with Guilik, because the man had a very limited knowledge of English, so he got Misque to act as an interpreter. In that way he got the whole of Guilik's story, and a general idea of where the Esquimau had seen the sea chest. Guilik declared his readiness to make another attempt to locate the place if he was paid something for doing it. Hal would gladly have made it worth his while, if the chance presented itself for himself and



his friends to make the trip, but there was very little likelihood of it. That afternoon he got permission to call on Jessie Waldron for a little while in the cabin. This was a privilege often accorded him, chiefly to amuse the girl's idle moments, for she liked Hal's company very much indeed, and would have spent more time in his society if the brig's discipline had permitted it.

"You remember I told you about the treasure of the crater, don't you?" Hal said to her on this occasion.

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, the brig is in sight of the crater now. It's about twenty miles away to the northeast."

"Is it?" she exclaimed, with interest. "Let's go on the poop and look at it."

Accordingly, they made their way up the companion ladder, and standing on the roof of the cabin, near the skylight, Hal pointed out the distant mountain to her.

"Do you really believe there is a chest of gold in that crater?" she asked, almost eagerly.

"Well, I have only the word of the Esquimaux for it, but I believe he told the truth. I have been talking to him about it, with the aid of Misque as interpreter, and he adheres to his story."

"Why, is the man on board the brig?"

"Sure he is. You know your father hired two Esquimaux—Misque and another. He's the other."

"How singular that he should be the one to come along with us!"

"Perhaps so, but the fact doesn't count for much. He's not carried along to guide us to the crater, but to drive one of the sleds on the expedition your father intends to send out after the survivors of the John Brown."

"Have you spoken to my father about the treasure?"

"I have, but he doesn't take any stock in it. He told me it was rather absurd that a sea chest full of gold coin should be hidden in such a place."

"But the people who owned it might have had reason for taking it there."

"Yes, but it's a wonder they didn't go back and get it."

"Probably they were never able to do so."

"That stands to reason if the treasure chest is actually there."

"I think father ought to make an attempt to find it. A chest full of gold must amount to a great deal of money."

"I'd be willing to spend a month looking for such a thing," said Hal.

"I mean to talk to father about it. Maybe I can interest him."

"I think it is doubtful. He doesn't want to hang around this neighborhood any longer than he can help. The men are liable to break out soon on the least excuse. They are all afraid of getting caught in the gathering ice and being obliged to winter in this region. We can't count on fair weather for more than a month, and it is quite possible that navigation may begin to be impossible long before that. As there is no telling how long the land expedition may take, you see we have no time to fool away."

They returned to the shelter of the cabin, and shortly afterward Hal returned to duty on deck.

They passed Crater Mountain, as Hal called it, during the evening, the big landmark standing about twelve miles away. It was impossible to make out the village at that distance, and the coast looked bleak and barren of all life. Next morning the brig encountered a big field of ice, and they were obliged to run some miles out of their course in order to skirt it. The sight of it offered the crew another excuse to raise a howl. Another deputation waited on Captain Waldron and expressed to him the views of the crew to the effect that they didn't believe it was of any use to go on with the plan of trying to find either the John Brown or her officers and crew. Even if they reached the bark the men felt satisfied that she could not be brought out of the creek, and the chances then were likely that the brig would be caught and held in the same fix during the long winter months. As for the officers and crew, if they deserted the bark, as the Esquimaux said they had, they were either dead by that time or had reached a port and were on their way home.

In reply, Captain Waldron said that they were now within sixty or seventy miles of their destination, that they still might expect three or four weeks of good weather, and that he couldn't think of going back on his orders. He was going to keep straight on for the creek, or for a point as close as he could get to it, and that's all there was to it. Again the men felt helpless to carry their point without resorting to downright mutiny, and though they felt sulky enough to do most anything, the lack of a resolute leader prevented them from making any hostile demonstration. The captain found, to his satisfaction, that the water north of the ice-field was quite open and free from floating obstructions, and the brig made good headway during the next two days. The skipper figured that they were now in the vicinity of the creek, and the watcher in the crow's nest had orders to keep a sharp lookout along shore for the mast of a vessel.

Hal, having excellent eyesight, alternated with Butler in the lookout barrel. Captain Waldron promised a 10 gold-piece to the watcher who first caught sight of the John Brown. Both Hal and Butler were eager to win the prize, though the boy did not care so much for the money as for the honor of winning it, and making the captain's heart glad. The brig sailed steadily on, as close in shore as it was deemed prudent to take her. It was during the middle watch, from midnight till four in the morning, when Hal was on duty in the crow's nest, that he discovered the spars and masts of a vessel in the near distance. Instead of singing out word he waited to make sure, and then made his way to the deck, which was against regulations, and rushed into the cabin to arouse the captain and tell him the news personally. The door of the captain's room was slightly ajar, and he saw a dim light burning inside. He supposed that the skipper had got up for some reason, and, dispensing with the formality of knocking, he pushed open the door and hurried in. The sight that met his eyes caused him to stop and utter a gasp. The captain lay asleep in his berth, and, bending over him, with knife upraised in the act of striking a murderous blow, stood Bill Blaine, who was supposed to be confined in the dunnage hold under the foremast.



## CHAPTER X.—Taking Possession of the Abandoned Bark.

With a cry of alarm, which awoke Captain Waldron, Hal sprang on Blaine and seized the arm that held the knife. With a terrible imprecation Blaine turned on the boy. The weapon fell from his fingers and then he and Hal engaged in a desperate struggle for the mastery. The captain looked at the swaying figures for a moment in astonishment, and then jumped out of his berth. Blaine's strength was fast overcoming the boy when the captain, recognizing both of them, and knowing something was wrong, gripped hold of the rascal, and that turned the tide in Hal's favor.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked Captain Waldron.

"I couldn't tell you, sir; but you've had a mighty narrow shave for your life. I caught him bending over you, in the act of stabbing you with that knife lying on the floor."

"The infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed the skipper, aghast at the rascal's work. "Run on deck and send the mate and a couple of the watch down here. I'll hold him until the men come."

Hal rushed up the companion ladder to the poop and told Noakes to get down into the captain's stateroom as soon as he could. He then shouted to two of the watch to come into the cabin. He was there to meet them when they appeared, and he led them to the captain's room, where the mate had already gone, and was helping the skipper hold on to the scoundrelly Blaine. The fellow was soon rendered helpless, when he subsided into dogged silence.

"I must find out how that rascal got out of the hold," said Captain Waldron. "I don't see how he could have done so without help. Take him outside and tie him to the mainmast till I've made the investigation."

When the watch heard of Blaine's attempt on the captain's life they were so hot against the fellow that they wanted to hang him then and there without the trouble of a trial. Captain Waldron thanked Hal in a grateful way for saving his life, and asked him by what fortunate circumstances he happened to come on the scene at such a critical moment.

"I came to tell you that I've sighted a vessel in shore which I guess is the John Brown, for she's clearly a bark," replied Hal.

"Good!" cried the skipper, in a tone of satisfaction. "I will dress and go on deck at once. Return to the crow's nest and keep your eyes on the vessel."

Hal obeyed. When Captain Waldron came on the poop he sang out to the boy:

"Where away is the bark?"

"Two points off the starboard bow, sir."

The skipper gave the man at the wheel directions, and then calling the second mate, and two hands, they went forward and entered the fore-castle with a lantern. Going down into the hold, an examination showed that the irons which had secured Blaine must have been defective, for they were broken in such a manner as to release the prisoner. It showed that the fellow possessed great strength and perseverance. A fresh set of irons were got out and Blaine was returned

to his prison and secured once more. The captain then joined Hal in the crow's nest to get a look at the distant vessel, now not more than a mile away. He was satisfied himself that it was the John Brown, and he was mighty well pleased that the northern limit of their trip was probably reached. The water was fairly close in, and the trend of the creek was soon made out, which fact further satisfied Captain Waldron that the vessel was the bark he was in search of.

As the sun now hung very low on the horizon, for the summer season was drawing to a close, it was not so light in the early morning hours as formerly. The brig was hove to and the captain ordered a boat lowered. With only Hal and Joe for the boat's crew, the skipper made for the shore. They found the ice thin and much broken up, and were able to get under the stern of the bark, where they easily made out her name, the John Brown. Hal sprang on board first and made the boat fast, and then Joe and the captain followed. The vessel was clearly deserted, and they soon saw that she had been visited by Esquimaux, probably from the village of Tamask, where Misque had spread the news of her presence and condition, and she had been cleaned out of everything worth carrying off that could easily have been handled by the natives.

She was secured by a cable and heavy anchor, and the captain saw that it would not be difficult to get her out with the force he had at his command. After getting the bark off into clear water he intended to organize two expeditions, one under command of the chief mate, with Misque as guide, and the other under the second mate, with Guilik for guide, and send them by different routes down the coast looking for traces of the second mate of the bark and the three men and the apprentice who were with him. The Esquimaux were to be instructed to work their way to Tamask, where in the meantime, the captain intended to take the John Brown and anchor to await their coming with, or without, news of the survivors of the bark.

After looking the John Brown over as well as circumstances permitted, the captain and the boys returned to the brig, just as the bell announced the change of the watch at four o'clock. Although the captain gave out no information then, the sailors surmised that the brig had reached the point the captain had been aiming for, and as there seemed to be no immediate danger of the ice closing in around them, they recovered their customary spirits, and looked for a speedy return south. With the coming of morning the air grew lighter and the first mate's watch made out the spars of the John Brown from the deck. The sight confirmed their expectations, and when all hands came together for breakfast the men were in a jolly mood, and their exuberant feelings expressed themselves in divers bits of horse-play and a show of witticism.

Captain Waldron lost no time in setting about the work of getting the abandoned bark out of the creek. The wind was strong enough for the vessel to come around and sail out under her own canvas, in spite of the broken ice which hemmed her in at her anchorage. Part of the brig's crew, including the three boys, were sent aboard of her under command of the chief mate. In half an hour they got the anchor aboard and started.



and then all sail was made in order to get the full benefit of the breeze. The chief trouble was getting her under headway. This was finally accomplished, after the rest of the brig's crew had broken up the ice, which had become packed around her bows, and for some yards about her. As soon as she got momentum on her the rest of the ice crumbled when her forefoot ploughed into it, and in the course of another hour she was sailing through comparatively free water.

By noon she was hove to close to the Dan Tucker. The rest of the day was occupied in putting her in shape, and arranging the final details of the two land expeditions, which were to start first thing in the morning. Only two members of the crew were to accompany each officer and the guide, as more were considered unnecessary. Volunteers were called for, and half of the crew, including the boys, wanted to take part in the expeditions, for the fact that each sled was to be accompanied by a first-class guide, and the distance to be traveled being not much over 100 miles, the trips were looked upon as a kind of picnic, and all the hands were eager for a spell on shore. Each mate made his own selections, and they picked out the strongest men aboard. That left the boys out of it, and they were rather disappointed.

Provisions were prepared for the trip, and done up in portable packages in the customary Arctic manner. Breakfast was served out an hour earlier than usual on the following morning. Then the sleds and dogs were taken ashore. In an hour everything was ready for the departure over the snow-clad plain, and orders were given to proceed. The captain then divided his crew in equal portions, and sent one part aboard of the John Brown, under command of the brig's carpenter, with Hal as his assistant in authority. At Hal's request Nat and Joe were allowed to change to the bark, and the boys were happy to be together. Both vessels then made sail and turned their bows toward the south.

## CHAPTER XI.—Among the Ice Peaks.

Everything went well during the first twenty-four hours, then the weather changed with a suddenness entirely unexpected. First a dense fog came over the surface of the Strait, and shut the two vessels out from the sight of each other. This lasted through the night and then the wind came on from the northeast and blew the fog away. From then on the wind increased until an icy gale was shrieking through the cordage of the bark. The water froze almost as fast as it struck the sails and cordage, making the sheets difficult to handle, and the deck a regular skating pond, on which the small crew were continually slipping when they moved about. The carpenter came on deck to take charge, and all hands were called on duty. The John Brown flew through the water like a greyhound, following the course of the Dan Tucker, which craft, being better handled, outstripped them in the mad race, and soon gained a lead of four miles, which increased as time went by.

To make matters worse, a heavy and blinding snow-storm came on, which proved as bad as the

late fog. However, the carpenter made the best of his trying job, and he hoped to pull through all right. Unfortunately a large chunk of floating ice was driven with great force against the rudder, putting it out of commission to a considerable extent. Thereafter it was all blind sailing, and things went from bad to worse. Along toward morning the lookout heard a dull roar above the howl of the gale. His experienced ear recognized it as the sound of breakers, and he shouted down "Breakers ahead!" The vessel was driven on at such a speed that almost before the words were out of his mouth she struck on the shore, and by a singular accident was driven straight up between two towering rocks that supported her in an upright position. The waves broke in notes of thunder against her stern, but that was the only part of her exposed to the sea.

With the coming of morning the storm blew out, and the snow vanished like magic, leaving the air clear. The breaking up of the clouds let the sun shine at intervals, and then the people aboard saw that they had been cast away on the coast of Iceland, right under the shadow of Crater Mountain, with the village of Tamask in sight a mile away. A crowd of Icelanders and Esquimaux came down to view the stranded vessel, but they were not permitted to come on board. The carpenter examined the bark as well as circumstances permitted, and he said he believed she was still perfectly seaworthy, or would be after her rudder had been repaired. The day passed and still the brig did not show up.

"Say, Hal," said Nat, toward evening. "Here's a chance for us to make a trip up the mountain and see if we can discover that chest of treasure. What do you say to my proposition?"

"I have been figuring on it myself, and was going to propose it to you chaps."

"We're on," said Joe. "Let's start in the morning."

"All right. After supper we'll go to the village and try to find a guide who is acquainted with the crater."

The others agreed to that, and in due time they repaired to the village and found an Esquimaux who was willing to guide them for a small consideration. The lads made their preparations for the adventure that night, and after breakfast next morning they stepped on shore fully equipped for the trip. Each carried a bag full of eatables, a hatchet to chop away any ice obstacles they might meet with, and a long thin line wound around their waists. They found the guide awaiting them with four short poles, provided with iron points, three of which he distributed among them. He, too, had a strong, thin line wound around his middle. No time was wasted in making a start, and the guide led the way by a route so easy that the boys looked on the climb as a cinch. Noon found them nearly at the top, but there their real difficulties began, for the crater itself expanded in a broken and precipitous wall encircling the entire summit. The Esquimaux, however, knew his way, and he naturally selected the best that could be picked out.

Before attempting the final stage, Hal called a halt for rest. In half an hour they resumed their way, and it was now real climbing. After much labor they reached the edge of the



crater, and they found it an awesome-looking place. Strung together with the ropes they proceeded to circle the top of the crater, the guide leading and cautioning them by motion where to step. In this way they went half around the edge of the pit till they came to a point where the descent on the outside appeared comparatively easy. The next instant that part of the peak Hal stood on broke off and he found himself falling toward the sea, clinging to the ice block. His friends shouted with dismay. Joe and the guide looked over the edge of the peak, expecting to see Hal and the ice block hit the water, which would probably mean the lad's finish.

"There he is," cried Joe, pointing, "and he isn't hurt at all."

The bunch gazed down and saw Hal standing on an icy ledge looking upward. The ropes they had with them were not long enough to reach the spot where Hal stood. The guide investigated the side of the crevasse and then said they would have to return to the ship, which could be seen in the distance, and get a long rope. At that moment a peculiar rumbling sounded above them. The guide turned with a startled look and glanced upward.

"Something is wrong," cried Nat. "By George, the top of the crater seems to be moving—moving down. It must be a snow slide that is coming. If it catches us here our names will be mud. Chase yourselves, fellows—follow the guide."

"Gee!" exclaimed Joe, making a spring.

He stepped on a piece of ice and lost his balance. Nat reached forward to save him. He caught Joe by the arm, but the effort took him off his balance, too, and both he and Joe left the path and started down a smooth incline. Joe disappeared over the edge of a break. He lighted on a bank of hard snow close to Hal which broke his fall. Grabbing Hal and shouting "Look out for your life!" he scrambled under the ledge and into an opening close by just as Nat shot down on the snow bank. Nat crept under the protecting shelter of the overhanging rock, too, followed by a rattling shower of snow and ice, the advance guard of the avalanche which was thundering down behind. The huge bank of snow shot over the ledge and dropped like a cataract before their eyes. Then they looked around them.

"Why, this is a kind of cave," said Hal. "Maybe it's the one we're looking for. It would be great if it was. I'm going to crawl in and look around."

After going a few yards he came to a break and could go no further. Looking down he found himself gazing into a small cave lighted by a jagged opening above. In the center of it was a sea chest, the cover thrown back, and the interior apparently filled with gold coins, while much of the money was scattered outside. After looking at the treasure for a while they started to explore the next cave, and that led them to a third, and thence to a fourth and fifth, all formed out of a peculiar kind of brittle rock. Suddenly Hal heard the sound of voices talking in the English tongue below him.

"Now that our provisions are all gone we won't last much longer, Mr. Hoyt," said a voice.

"Hoyt!" thought Hal, as the name sounded familiar. "Why, that was the name signed to

the letter detailing the tragedy of the John Brown. Maybe the survivors the captain is looking for are cooped up here. Hello, below!" he shouted.

"Who's there?"

"Is Howard Hoyt, second mate of the John Brown, down there?" asked Hal.

"Yes, yes; you are friends? In heaven's name, save us!"

"I'll send you down a line, and you can crawl up one by one," said Hal.

In a short time the five survivors of the John Brown stood in the cave where the boys were, and sorry looking men they were, but very thankful to feel that they had been rescued at last. Hal told the mate how they came to be there, and about the chest of money in the outer cave, after which he led the way there and showed them the great sight. He climbed up the rope into the horizontal hole and crawled out into the open air. He found that a narrow path led down to a shelf below, from which it was easy to go on farther. It was quicker and easier to reach the shelf by stringing a rope down. After his friends and the survivors clambered out of the money cave, Hal tied the three ropes together and found they made a line long enough to answer.

"We'll look for the rope when we come back," he said, "and that will guide us to the cave where the chest is."

Each of the lads brought away a handful or two of the gold as evidence that they had found the treasure. The brig had arrived while they were in the crater, and great was Captain Waldron's astonishment when Hal brought on board the survivors of the John Brown. The captain was hardly less surprised when Hal showed him the gold he had brought from the cave, and told him they had discovered the treasure. Several of the crew with bags accompanied the boys next day, and the money was conveyed aboard the brig, where it was counted and footed up nearly \$300,000. The boys presented each of the hands \$1,000, including the survivors. They divided \$10,000 more among the captain and mates, and presented Jessie with \$5,000 for herself. Hal gave Guilik \$1,000, and then each of the boys had \$80,000 for themselves.

The second mate of the bark was told about Bill Blaine, and the ruffian was brought before him. The mate identified him as Steve Williams, the murderer, and after that he was closely watched on the trip home. Both vessels duly arrived at New Bedford, and Williams, alias Blaine, was sent to jail, charged with murder. At his trial Captain Matthews' note, written by his dying hand, was produced as evidence against him. He was convicted, and subsequently paid the extreme penalty of the law. Hal, Nat and Joe quit seafaring, for they did not need to earn their living by the sweat of their brows any longer. They went into the ship chandlery business together under the firm name of Holland, Vickers & Marsh, and did well. Some years afterward Hal led Jessie Waldron to the altar, and their children are never weary of hearing how their father and his partners were cast away in Iceland, and discovered the treasure of the crater.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LITTLE CASTAWAYS; or, THE FORTUNE THAT A WRECK BROUGHT."



## CURRENT NEWS

## PAGE BOY PAYS \$91,000 FOR STOCK EXCHANGE SEAT

From page boy and telephone operator on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to membership as broker in eight years is the achievement of James E. Sheridan, No. 1475 Grand Concourse, the Bronx, wounded war veteran.

In 1906 he entered the employ of the Exchange as uniformed messenger boy. In 1915 he became telephone operator for Harriman & Company, in which capacity he has been employed until the announcement of his purchase of a seat on the Exchange for \$91,000.

He is believed to have formed a partnership with Celestin Durand, No. 74 Broadway, formerly of Carlisle, Mellick & Co.

Sheridan was a member of the 320th Machine Gun Battalion, 77th Division, during the war and was wounded in action.

## SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

The house in which the master bard was born is located in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, England. Washington Irving said of this famous abode of genius: "It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in bycorners. The walls of fits squalid

chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language of pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

Several years ago the house was purchased by subscription, with a view to the careful preservation of it and of its contents for the inspection of future generations.

## DOUBT REGARDING INDIA'S BIG METEOR

The *Pioneer Mail* reports the fall of a supposed meteorite at Quetta, India, which, if confirmed, will for the first time establish the power of a meteorite to cause a conflagration. The fragments of the meteorite collected are said to weigh six tons with a volume of 5000 cubic feet! Hence the material must be abnormally light for a meteorite. It struck a large stack of closely packed straw thirty feet high and penetrated it nearly to the ground. The "meteorite" is said to consist of materials like slate gray igneous rock, volcanic glass and coke. Possibly the stack was struck by lightning and the fused residue of the straw has been mistaken for a meteorite. The Geological Survey of India will doubtless settle the nature of this phenomenon.

## A BIG CHANGE IN

## "MOVING PICTURE STORIES"

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--- Don't Miss It ---

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# Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

## THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

The run to Carson City was quickly made. Beyond that they followed the railroad line as far as Gillis, where they tied up for the night.

At Gillis Jack inquired about Spencer of the landlord of the Bardon House, finding his name on the register with three others—P. H. Sanders, Henry Trueman and Dan Finley.

"Those people?" said the landlord. "Why, I don't know anything special about them, except that Mr. Spencer told me they meant to strike through the desert and expected to fetch up at Prospect, Arizona. They are taking a big chance, in my opinion."

"We are following the same route, and that's why I asked," replied Jack. "These others, are they miners?"

"Finley and Trueman are," said the landlord. "Mr. Sanders told me that he was a mining engineer."

"They are a good twenty-four hours ahead of us," remarked Arthur, when the boys got up in their room, "but we may overhaul them yet. I was talking with the landlord while you were outside, Jack. He told me that their cars were greatly inferior to our in his judgment."

"Did he, then? That sounds good," cried Jack. "Still I wish them no ill. In fact, I'm going to stop thinking about them."

"Wish I could," sighed Arthur; "they are in my mind all the time."

The next day's run ended at Candalaria.

The country through which they passed was unspeakably desolate.

The ground was as flat as a floor and white with alkali everywhere, while on all sides were the "ranges" characteristic to Nevada.

Arthur remarked that it looked as if some mighty giant had dropped these mountains out of the sky.

The ranges stood at every conceivable angle. Some were only a few thousand feet in length while others varied from one mile to forty. They were just huge masses of rock with clumps of pinons occasionally to be seen on their sides; their average height was about two thousand feet.

"How were they ever formed, do you suppose?" Arthur asked Jack when they first run in among them.

"Why, have you never read up on that?" replied Jack. "The theory is that this whole country was once on the level of the ranges and under water, forming an extension of the Gulf of California and that some upheaval suddenly changed the level, causing the water to retreat to the Pacific with a rush the force of which tore everything to pieces, leaving the ranges as fragments

of what had been, but whether this is true or not I don't believe any one really knows."

The boys spent a quiet night at Candalaria.

Here they could learn nothing of the Spencer party, so it would appear that they had struck down into the Ralston desert by some other route. This was to be their night in civilization, and even the wretched apology for a hotel at which they put up seemed good to them.

Theirs were the first names which had been signed to the register in a week.

The last entry read:

"P. Remington Glick, Goldfields."

"Queer gink, that fellow," remarked the landlord to Jack. "He was here two days resting up. He's away off in his head in my way of thinking. Told me he was a prospector and was striking for the Meadow Valley range. He'll never get there in the wide world."

"Did he have a car?" inquired Jack.

"Car nothing. He was on foot. Oh, he's crazy, all right. I warned him, but he wouldn't listen. Mebbe you'll come up with him if you are going that way."

"We are not. We are striking down into the desert."

The landlord shrugged his soulders.

"I don't envy you," he replied. "Even with such splendid cars as yours the risk is very great. I've been down in the borax country; that's bad enough for me. The Ralston desert is a blame sight worse."

The boys quickly found opportunity to decide for themselves, for Candalaria is on the edge of the desert, and by ten o'clock next morning they ran on to it and the shaping of their course by the compass began.

They were now running over a dead level with the alkali in great patches and in some places so deep that it impeded the movement of the cars.

Between these patches lay long stretches of fine sand. The ranges were farther apart now; often it was a matter of eight or ten miles between them.

It was blistering hot and sand and alkali alike got into their throats and nostrils, creating that intense thirst for which the Ralston desert is noted.

"What a fearful country," remarked Arthur. "I don't wonder prospectors dread it."

"Hundreds have lost their lives here," replied Jack, "but we don't want to dwell on the dark side of the picture. Let's hold up. I'm just dying for a drink and I want to have another look at the map, too."

It was hard talking between the two cars, which the boys kept abreast of each other as far as was possible.

The halt was made, the drinks had, and Jack spread out the map.

"Here's a range marked the Bishop's Mitre, Art," he said. "I guess that will be it away over there."

He pointed to the southeast, where, far in the distance, a range could be dimly discerned with one central peak rising higher than the rest—something unusual.

(To be continued)



## GOOD READING

## MEASURING GROWTH OF PLANTS

A wonderful machine has been invented which measures the growth of plants.

A small thread connects the plant with the apparatus, which consists of an electrical battery and a drum which revolves slowly. Above this drum is a pen worked by electricity. As the plant grows the thread slackens and causes a connection between the battery and the pen. The latter drops on to the drum and makes a mark. At the same time a small rod is pushed up, which tightens the string again.

Thus the drum shows the growth of the plant over a given period, and information is obtained showing the effect of heat and light upon various specimens.

It has been proved that most plants grow more rapidly at night, and this fact has been of great assistance to those engaged in forcing the growth of flowers and vegetables.

## COUPLE EXECUTED FOR MURDERING 33

Ivan Komaroff, known as "the wolf of Moscow," and formerly a Moscow Cabinet officer, convicted of murdering thirty-three persons since 1921, and his wife, were executed by a firing squad.

Throughout his trial Komaroff had affected bravado, but after his conviction he appeared for a new trial, and when this was denied, pleaded with the Government for clemency. The man showed surprising knowledge of the technicalities of the criminal code. He contended that he had been wrongly convicted, and also that the law provided for only a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, instead of death.

Komaroff made a special plea for clemency for his wife, which was refused. Of the thirty-three persons he was convicted of killing, twenty-two bodies were found in the cellar of his house tied in sacks. He said all the victims were killed while attending tea parties in his home, where they had been invited to be robbed.

## FELL 100 TREES AS HIS "HOBBY"

Frank Edmund Pruden, eighty years old, of 29 Vine street, West Orange, N. J., fell a victim to his hobby of years, when he was killed beneath heavy tree he had cut down on the grounds of his home. He was formerly a master carpenter, but retired twenty years ago with comfortable means to enjoy life in the open. He was a lover of outdoors and spent most of his time cutting down trees, of which there were many about his home. He has chopped down more than 100 of them and his wife, Nancy, often warned him of the danger, but he always said, "When my time comes, I hope it will be in the great outdoors."

He felled his last tree several days ago and left it propped up by two large branches. The other morning he went out to trim it. At noon his sister-in-law, Miss Virginia Williams, called him for lunch and got no answer. When she went to look

for him, she found him pinned under the tree. He was still living, but died before a physician arrived.

## A NOVEL TRICK

Here is a somewhat different egg trick, which is startling as well as mystifying. You hand a friend a hard-boiled egg with the request that it be minutely examined. After he has satisfied himself that the egg is of the ordinary kind you ask him to print his name on the shell with a pencil or pen. Then tell him to break off the shell, and, much to his astonishment, he will discover his name plainly written on the white of the egg.

As you have probably guessed, there is a previous preparation, but it is very simple. Dissolve 1 ounce of alum in a half-pint of vinegar. Take a small pointed brush and outline your friend's name, or whatever you desire, on the shell of the egg. Let it dry thoroughly and then boil the egg for about fifteen minutes. If these directions are carried out all tracings of the writing will have disappeared from the outside of the shell, but when the shell is cracked open it will plainly show on the white of the egg.

## "Mystery Magazine"

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The Famous Detective Story Out Today in 137 Is

## THE CONSUMING DEATH

By GILBERT HAMMOND

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street,

New York City

## "Moving Picture Stories"

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## DRY CELL TUBES ECONOMICAL

"What is the advantage of a dry cell tube over a storage battery type of tube?" is a popular question asked by radio followers. The answer is "Economy."

Dry cell tubes are more economical than the storage battery type and the inconvenience of charging a battery is eliminated. For example, a storage battery required to operate a UX-201 costs about \$15. It is estimated by the General Electric engineers that six ordinary dry cells will operate a UV-199 an hour a day for a year. At that rate fifteen dollars will buy enough dry batteries to operate a UV-199 for five or six years. The cost of charging a storage battery over a six-year period would be over fifteen dollars and many storage batteries would break down before the six years passed.

## NOVEL MICROPHONE

Based on the fact that radio entertains the world, artists at Broadcast Central on top of Aeolian Hall perform before a sensitive microphone concealed in a sphere or globe atlas of the world made of thin gauze. The seas are reproduced on its surface in deep green and the continents in tan. The globe is about twenty inches in diameter and stands on a mahogany pedestal. No mouthpiece is needed, since the delicate texture of the gauze permits the sound waves to easily penetrate and reach the microphone concealed within. From here the music or words are carried over wires in the form of electric currents to the control room, located between the studios. At that point the speech amplifiers magnify the current before it travels through heavily shielded cables to the operating room on the roof, twelve floors above.

Many radio entertainers say it is difficult to perform in a sound proof radio studio where there is no evidence of any one listening and no applause can be heard to give encouragement. The new microphone arrangement at Broadcast Central will help the entertainers to visualize their audience as they sing, play and speak into the globe which absorbs the sounds similar to the way millions of antennae pick up the concerts throughout the world.

## RADIO TELEPHONY LAWS

The law of 1812 is still in full effect. The recent National Radiotelephony Conference at Washington recommended that an extension of the amateur band from 200 to 222 metres be made under special license for CW only. In accordance with this recommendation, the Department of Commerce is recalling special amateur licenses and assigning 220 metres as an upper limit.

A detailed study of the matter was made by the directors of the Radio Relay League, located throughout the country, and at a recent meeting recommendations were adopted and transmitted to the department. These call for the

segregation of all modulated services (spark 1CW, phone ACCW) within the limits of 176 to 200 metres; pure CW 150 to 200 metres; special license stations with pure CW, 150 to 220 metres; all stations to be permitted to operate on any wave within the band to which that type is eligible.

It was recommended that special licenses be issued only to holders of a new type of extra first grade amateur operator's license to be established, requiring two years' amateur experience and a code speed of twenty words. It should be noted that the present law prevents the assignment of waves above 200 metres, except under special license, and only to applicants of experience and ability.

This recommendation, if adopted, will result in bands reserved for CW exclusively at either end of the amateur allocation. It should be noted that in general no changes will be necessary in the adjustments of the average transmitter to comply with this proposal. No changes in power limits were recommended. The idea of an elaborate subdivision amateur band, as tentatively announced by some of the supervisors, has been abandoned. No decision has been received from the department at this writing.

CW has been tentatively defined as a continuous oscillation telegraph system in which the power supply is substantially direct current as obtained from a generator, a battery, or a rectified plus an adequate filter. It was felt that a more ambitious definition would be impracticable of enforcement.

The telephone conference made no recommendation respecting amateur quiet hours. The board, however, has been on record as advocating voluntary quiet hours from 7.30 to 8 P. M. local time. In the belief that better amateur conditions would exist if the plan were observed uniformly the department on April 6 authorized Supervisors of Radio (Inspectors) to note on licenses, "This station is not licensed to transmit between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30 P. M. daily, local standard time."

Although discretionary with the supervisors, some of the supervisors began recalling licenses to be so indorsed, whereupon the league sent a representative to Washington to protest. As a result instructions were telegraphed the supervisors to apply the notation only to new licenses, pending consideration of the matter by the A. R. R. L. Board. At its meeting on April 27, the board reiterated its recommendation of voluntary quiet hours, as before, but opposing enforced quiet hours in the conviction that they would be destructive of co-operation with the department. Recommendations to this effect have been made to the department.

## TRY THIS HOOK-UP

A good many hook-ups are published that do not work satisfactorily. In fact, some of them do not work at all. The more complicated they are the worse they are. In radio the simplest



forms are best. Here is a hook-up that will work. For this set you will need the following materials:

A U. V. 200 tube.....	\$5.00
One lamp socket.....	.50
One Freshman combined gridleak and 00025 m. f. condenser.....	.75
One variable condenser.....	1.50
One 20-ohm rheostat.....	1.00
One coupler coil with about 6 or 2 taps....	1.50
One switch arm.....	.10
Six buttons.....	.10
One storage battery, 6 volts.....	10.00
One B battery, 22½ volts.....	1.50
About 30 feet of No. 14 copper wire.....	.30
Antenna.	
Phones.	

The way to wire them together is as follows: First set the instruments on a table, the tube first, the gridleak next to it, and the coupler coil next. In the next row the B battery, next the A battery, then the rheostat and variable condenser.

First connect a short wire to the x pole of the A battery and the — pole of the B battery. Another wire fastened to the x pole of the B battery is connected to one side of the phone. Another wire from the other side of the phone is connected to the P post on the lamp socket. A wire from the F — post on the lamp socket runs to the — pole of the A battery and a piece of wire soldered to this wire is fastened to the coupler of the coil; now run a short wire from the G on the lamp to one end of the gridleak and another wire from the leak to the other side of the coupler. A wire from the F x on the lamp runs to one post on the rheostat and another wire from the other rheostat post goes to the x post of the A battery. The buttons are fastened to a board near the coupler and a wire from each tap runs to each button. Next fasten the switch arm to the board so it will touch each button. A wire is fastened to the switch and run to one side of the variable condenser. Another wire fastened to the other side of the condenser runs to a gas or water pipe. The lead-in wire from the antenna is secured to the end of the coil winding. This completes the hook-up. If the directions given are carefully followed this set will give as good reception as any single bulb set. When it is tested and found properly put together, it can be transferred to a little cabinet.

### THE HEART OF THE RECEIVER

The manner in which the vacuum tube functions as a detector is as follows: As soon as the filament is lighted, a train of electrons is thrown off from the filament and these bombard the plate. They are in reality particles of negatively charged matter, which actually bombard the plate with terrific impact. They afford a path for negative electricity to pass between the filament and the plate and in order to assist the passage of this electricity the plate is charged with a positive potential. The grid enables us to control the action of the tube for this purpose.

When the incoming electro-magnetic waves pass over the aerial a very high frequency alternating current is induced in the oscillating circuit connected with the aerial, which passes this current on to the vacuum tube. The vacuum tube will only allow the negative half of this alternating

current to pass through it. It completely checks the positive half and therefore acts as an electric valve in exactly the same way as the ordinary valve operates in a water-pipe system.

We have, therefore, on the other side of the vacuum tube a current of electricity that is a pulsating current flowing in one direction only, and the telephone receiver is now able to respond to it. That is the manner in which the tube acts as a detector. As an amplifier, a slightly different condition exists and a different action takes place. In this case, we have what is known as a "trigger effect," and the action of the tube in amplifying can be best described by using the trigger effect as an analogy.

If you study the mechanism of a rifle you will realize that when you cock the gun you have to use a great deal of force to pull the hammer back against the spring in the gun. When you pull the hammer back, what you actually do is to store up a certain amount of energy in the spring of the gun, which lies dormant until such time as you bring it into play by pulling the trigger. A little thought will show you how minute the pressure is that you exert on the trigger itself when firing the gun, but by releasing the trigger you bring into play the larger amount of energy that is stored up in the spring, and this forces the hammer against the cartridge in the gun with such force that the cartridge is exploded. This is exactly what the vacuum tube does—it controls the larger amount of energy that is stored up in the battery connected to the plate on the vacuum tube. When the weak, incoming current reaches the grid or "control element" of the tube, it releases this stored-up energy by pulling the grid trigger and permitting the plate current to come into play in the circuit. This action, of course, can be duplicated in successive stages of amplification.

It is this action that is also brought into play in the regenerative circuit. The tube, having acted as a detector, then passes its slightly increased current through the inductance in the plate circuit, and this inductance, being inductively coupled to the oscillating circuit, induces a still stronger current in that oscillating circuit, which again passes through the vacuum tube releasing still greater energy in the plate circuit, and this action passes around again performing the same function, always simultaneously, until the certain maximum condition is reached.

This regenerative action can best be explained by using the analogy of the ordinary telephone. Sometimes, when the telephone rings and you lift off the hook and central still continues ringing, you occasionally get peeved and place the receiver to the mouth-piece of your telephone. The result is that gradually and rapidly you get a tremendous buzzing effect that finally reaches a loud and terrific whistle. What has taken place is simply this: The sound vibrations received in the telephone receiver have been fed back into the mouthpiece of the transmitter and the transmitter, of course, increases the sound and passes it around the circuit again to the receiver, which then again transfers it to the transmitter of the mouthpiece, until the maximum, final strength is attained, which results in the terrible whistling, howling sounds that appear in the telephone.



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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## TRAFFIC TROUBLES IN PARIS

There are 80,000 automobiles in the streets of Paris; 1,000 cumbersome autobuses; 1,200 street cars; 400,000 bicycles, considered the worst pest of all; 19,000 motorcycles, and 30,000 horse-drawn vehicles. Every one who has been in Paris knows that it is as much as one's life is worth to cross any of the principal thoroughfares. Traffic regulation is poor and the laws favor the drivers. There is practically no speed limit and the drivers are very reckless, caring nothing for pedestrians.

## 13,200,000 GOLF BALLS WILL BE SOLD THIS YEAR

The number of golf balls bought in the United States this year will increase 10 per cent. over last year, according to a trade expert of the Department of Commerce. This authority estimated that 13,200,000 golf balls will be consumed this year, compared with 12,000,000 last year.

About one-quarter of the golf balls sold in America come from England and Scotland. Between September, 1922, and April 30, 1923, there were imported from England and Scotland 1,927,097 golf balls valued at \$792,641. At the same rate the total this year from England and Scotland would be 3,140,000 golf balls with a value of \$1,297,000.

## BOY, 15, RETURNS FROM 4,000-MILE TEXAS HIKE

Alonzo Mathis, aged 15, of Bridgeton, N. J., has returned home after a hike of 4,000 miles, which carried him to Texas and back in the course of some four months. He brought back with him a resolve to complete his high school course, a trunk full of souvenirs and an endless capacity for talking about his trip.

Alonzo undertook his hike because of an inborn dislike for school. With about \$100 in his pocket and a letter from Mayor William Johnson of Bridgeton he set out with but two conditions governing his trip. They were to write to his mother twice a week and not to accept rides from motorists. In Georgia he was received by Governor Harlwick and in all he picked up about 100 favors.

## WOMEN'S WALKING STICKS

The latest importations of smart canes for women show dog head tops. More and more women are carrying canes as a part of their tailored street costumes. The dog headed canes show various types of canine beauty. The English bulldog figures prominently on some of the best looking canes.

There are also setters and collies and another dog which the fancier looks at questioningly and finally characterizes as "Just a dog." This nondescript animal looks more like a fox terrier than any other breed. Of course he may be a mutt dog and not a blooded animal at all, but it hardly seems possible that a mere mongrel would be used as a model for canes of such decidedly upper class appearance.

The canes are all of one piece, the heads being skillfully carved in a knot of the wood. Light wood is generally used for the women's canes, but some of the new ones are larger and heavier in appearance than those which have been popular.

## LAUGHS

"Hello, Dobson! Any luck yesterday when you were fishing?" "Great! I was away when six bill collectors called."

"During the thunderstorm our milk turned; did yours?" "No; our refrigerator is so small that the milk didn't have room to turn."

Little Frank—Mamma, please tell me how father got to know you. Mother—One day I fell into a deep river and your father jumped in and saved me. Little Frank—Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim.

Little Eunice was attending her first class in surest way to keep milk from souring. And Eunice, who was an exceedingly practical child, gave this recipe: "Leave it in the cow."

The sewing machine agent rang the bell. A particularly noisy and vicious-looking bulldog assisted in opening the door. The dog stood his ground. The agent retreated slightly. "Will that dog bite?" he asked. "We don't know yet," the lady said. "We have only just got him. But we are trying him on strangers. Won't you come in?"

Minister (to sick student)—I take a friendly interest in you, my boy, because I have two sons in the university myself; one taking engineering and the other agriculture. Is there anything I can do? Sick Student—You might pray for the one taking engineering.

"You remember that you sold me a horse last week?" said the cabman angrily to the horse dealer. "Yes; what about him?" "He fell dead yesterday." "Well, I never!" said the dealer. "I told you he had some funny little ways. But upon my word I never knew him to do that before."



## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

## LION HUNTER CONFIDENT

Confidence in one's self is an asset much to be desired, as has often been pointed out. Sometimes, however, confidence is likely to be over-confidence.

In the days when the Uganda Railroad was first in operation there was placed in charge of a lonely station a babu who lived alone with a couple of native servants. His post was in the center of the "lion country," and though the railroad testified to the progress of civilization in Africa the trains ran only once a day and the lions and other wild game came to look upon it with contempt. Occasionally they made a raid on one of the lonelier stations and this was what caused this babu to wire headquarters frantically:

"Am besieged by five lions. Send one rifle and five cartridges."

## ENGLISH BANKNOTE PAPER

Paper for English banknotes is made at a paper mill in Laverstoke, near Windsor, where paper for Bank of England notes has been produced since 1724. No visitors are ever allowed except when there is a Royal visit as occurred lately. The king, queen and other members of the party were shown through the plant and the many secrets of manufacture were explained to them. The mill was started by a French Huguenot of Poitiers named Portal, who established himself at Laverstoke in 1719. Before Henri Portal undertook the manufacture of the paper, banknotes contained no water-mark, but he introduced a water-mark consisting of a looped border running round the outside of the note and on the left-hand side a somewhat intricate scroll. At first the bank-note paper, enclosed "in elm chests with locks and bound with iron," was conveyed by road to Newbury and thence by barge to London, but in 1761 Henry Portal, as he had now become, conveyed it in his own wagon to London. The family monopoly which has existed for 199 years was not held without a struggle in the early days, for the records of the firm in 1737 show that: There was an opposition at this time by One Judd at Yewell paper-mill by which means ye Price was lowered 18 p. Ream, and the duty Felling and carry to London all struck off & to be made and done by ye Maker.

## QUEER LIGHTS IN THE WEST

Ever since early pioneer days in Old No Man's Land, now the Oklahoma Panhandle, people have talked about the mysterious lights which are visible at times near what now is Kenton, Okla.

One of the lights, which is to be seen at times about ten miles southwest of Kenton, has been called as "audeon lightning" by several well-informed persons, but the peculiar bluish white light which has been observed at White Rock, eight miles east of Kenton, is of an altogether different nature.

When the light southwest of Kenton moves about it is called lightning of the sea and

level land, that at the White Rocks remains in one spot and is bluish white instead of reddish yellow, as is the other. In one respect they are alike, however, and that is they may appear in either wet or dry weather and at all seasons of the year.

The White Rocks, where the strange white light appears, are several large outcroppings of white sandstone six feet high, and when the light appears the rocks seem to throw out the light all over their surface. Coming on suddenly, it will light up a space of several yards on all sides, then after perhaps ten minutes the glow fades and disappears, possibly not to be seen again for several weeks or even months.

No oil or natural gas is known to be near the surface of this spot, and while gypsum and traces of copper are near by they are not known to produce these lights or in fact have anything to do with them.

An old Indian legend runs to the effect that the light is the spirit of the ancient signal fires which were kindled on top of the White Rocks and on Sentinel Butte, a quarter of a mile distant.

The light's existence has been known for fifty years, long before cars or man made lights were anywhere near the rocks, and the Indians knew about it ages before the white man came to the country.

## FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK

The real estate value of all property in Greater New York is \$10,250,000,000—but the personal property is only \$210,000,000; very rich in land but surprisingly poor in personal belongings. The city has a waterfront of nearly 600 miles, and while the commerce of the port is very valuable, yet New York is the greatest manufacturing city in America, and the leading industry in New York is the wholesale manufacture of clothing. More than half the clothes worn all over the United States are made in New York City.

While New York generally is flat, the highest point on the Atlantic coast from New Hampshire to Florida is Todt Hill, on Staten Island, whose summit is 417 feet above sea level—Maine has higher hills on its sea coast. New York once rivalled Boston as the home of Irish immigrants. Yet now the foreign born, in order of number, are from Russia, Italy, Germany, Ireland, Austria, England and Hungary. Foreign born form 38 per cent. of the population.

One-sixth of all the 2,284,103 inhabitants of Manhattan Island are said to live below Fourteenth street, in 1-8th of the island's area. Twelve thousand members of the Police Department made 272,751 arrests in 1921. More than 100 gallons of water per person, or 700,000,000 gallons, is the daily consumption of water.

New York's mean average temperature, 50 degrees, is practically the same as that of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but its annual rainfall is almost twice as great as that of London. New York is, therefore, naturally, a "wet" city.



## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

### INTERESTING ARTICLES

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#### A WONDERFUL SEA MONSTER

A recent capture off the coast of Long Key, Fla., is certainly not a summer snake story. The monster, which is said to weigh 20 tons, was captured after obstinate fighting, in which 60 rifle bullets were fired into him and three harpoons imbedded in his flesh. It was towed into Long Key and believed to be dead, but when turned over on his back he resumed a fierce fight. Quite a number of men had gotten on his back and were thrown into the water, narrowly escaping being drowned in the whirlpool which the monster's thrashing tail created.

The capture has excited the naturalists all over the world and they are flocking to Florida to see the animal which it is proposed to dissect and send its skull and skin to the American Museum of Natural History of New York.

After the monster was finally killed a group of men and women were photographed standing on its back.

L. L. Mowbray, organizer of the Miami Aquarium, and vice president of the New York Aquarium, has made a preliminary study of the monster which he has named rhynodon. He gives this name because of its belonging to the class of fossil reptiles, the rhynchocephalia. It is allied to the Tuatara, a large lizard-like reptile formerly abundant on the mainland of New Zealand, which has been regarded as the sole living representative of the order and is protected by the New Zealand Government. The Tuatara has four strong five-toed limbs, a loose-fitting, scaly skin, and a fringed crest extending from the head to the tip of the tail. It has powerful teeth in its jaw. The Tuatara sleeps in the day and seeks food at night. The female lays eggs which hatch in 13 months.

The American Museum of Natural History of New York has sent some of the greatest experts in taxidermy in the world and they will make models of the heart, liver, stomach and all other portions of the body, will preserve the skin in salt, and will make accurate measurements of every part of the body. The most difficult part of the task will be to haul the huge brute either on the wharf or upon the beach.

The people of Florida have been hearing of the rhyndon for years, but it had been treated as a myth like the Atlantic City sea serpent.

#### HOW AMERICAN CITIES GOT THEIR NAMES

A national commission of which George Washington was a member laid out the District of Columbia to be used as a site for the capital city, which was named for George Washington in spite of his protests. He always referred to it as the "Federal City." The city plan of Washington is very peculiar, many diagonal avenues crossing the checkerboard formed by the intersecting north and south and east and west streets, thus forming numerous circular parks. This plan enables one to approach the Capitol and other important buildings by a score of streets and avenues.

The city of Chicago has an Indian name. Strange to say, this second largest municipality in America got its name from the Chicago River, a small stream that flows into Lake Michigan at that point. In 1804 the "city" consisted of a French trader's log house protected by a wooden stockade, called Fort Dearborn. The original city of Chicago was laid out and received its name in 1830.

Two hundred and ninety-two years ago a colony of well-to-do Puritans, under the personal direction of Governor John Winthrop, established a settlement in Massachusetts. They christened their new home in honor of their old home town of St. Botolph's, on the coast of Lincolnshire, England, but Americanized the name by shortening it to Boston. Baltimore was named for Cecil Calvert (Lord Baltimore) whom King James I had granted a colony that included our present State of Maryland.

The city of St. Louis was named in honor of the French King, Louis XIV, for at that time the Louisiana Purchase was unthought of and the central part of the United States belonged to France. Many old French families still live in St. Louis. Louisville, Kentucky, also received its name from King Louis. The French territory included Louisiana, also named in honor of King Louis, and its city of New Orleans merely has the word "New" added to the French town of that name. It will be recalled that Orleans in France became famous almost overnight because of Joan of Arc, who was dubbed "The Maid of Orleans" by the enthusiastic French people.

Nashville, capital of Tennessee, was first called Nashborough, in honor of Governor Nash of North Carolina, of which State Tennessee was then a part. This was later changed to Nashville. Los Angeles, meaning "The Angels," was at one time an old Spanish mission and got its name from California's early settlers. Detroit was given its name by the French settlers. In French, the name Detroit means "The Straits," which was given the new settlement because of its location on the broad Detroit River, connecting Lake Erie and Lake Huron. To-day it might be more appropriately rechristened "Autoville," "Fordborough," or even "Lizzietown."

Cleveland, Ohio, is named for Gen. Moses Cleaveland, the founder of the city, but the extra letter A has been eliminated, probably as a result of new industrial efficiency methods. Pittsburgh honors the name of William Pitt. Its first name was Duquesne, given by the French, who had located a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. After its capture by the English in 1758, George Washington, then an officer of British colonial troops, suggested that it be named Fort Pitt. The nearby settlement later became known as Pittsburgh. Hot Springs is a noted city of Arkansas and is named for the forty-seven large hot springs now included in an area which the Government has acquired as a national park. The water is so warm that it must be sipped like coffee, while some of the springs will boil an egg.





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Name.....Age.....

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City.....State.....



# How I increased my salary more than 300%

by  
**Joseph Anderson**

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

## TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 4490-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

### BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management            | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management          | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization         | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management             | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade          |
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- |   |  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Constructor and Builder |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice  | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions     | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating   | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work         |
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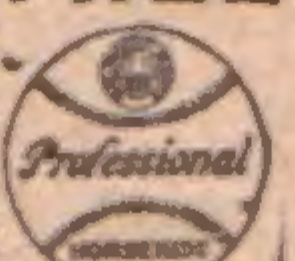
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